CROMWELL

by

Eucardio Momigliano

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

$3.50

Cromwell

by EUCARDIO MOMIGLIANO

translated from the Italian
by L. E. MARSHALL

The author has endeavored to present that rare literary spectacle—an absolutely impartial biography. It is a successful attempt by a biographer of another nationality to shatter the legend that has been gradually formed around Oliver Cromwell by writers of his own race, which makes him an obscure, mysterious being, a sort of sanguinary martial Hamlet. The life of Cromwell has here been revised in the light of new sources—materials all Italian and until now to a great extent unexamined and unedited. Much of the source material comes from the letters and journals of representatives of the Italian states, especially the Republics of Genoa and Venice, who were in London during the dramatic days of the Revolution, and who were able to view events and men without partisan bias. In the book will be found unknown episodes, the confirmation of others, and the final suppression of others that were once considered true. It is the picture of the *man* Cromwell, fighting for a dream of glory which he was never to realize.

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NEW YORK
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FOREWORD

It is the fatal destiny of a man who issues from a revolution, and has drawn upon himself unlimited hatred and boundless admiration, to have no impartial biographers.

Oliver Cromwell, who lived in a time of inflamed passions, has detractors and panegyrists, equally unilateral and unjust towards the man as towards truth. The Englishmen who wrote of him during his life were bound to extol him: it would have been dangerous to do otherwise. Those who wrote of him after his death, when, the Stuarts being restored to the throne, revenge was being taken on their enemies, necessarily insulted and defamed his memory, with the cowardly meanness of servants freed from the fear of their master.

Nor, even now, two centuries and a half later, have these passionate party-feelings died out; even to-day, it is difficult to find an English writer who, in treating the life of Cromwell, is not influenced by his own tendencies in drawing information from the same conflicting sources; and, as men are judged from facts, Cromwell's

adorers eliminate such facts as are unpleasant and harmful to his fame, while, by his adversaries, only these are given to the public. It is, therefore, easy to understand how, springing from such different and contrasting sources, a legend has been gradually formed around Oliver Cromwell, which makes of him an obscure, mysterious being, a sort of sanguinary, martial Hamlet, whose acts are ever inexplicable, and whose words serve only to conceal his thoughts.

The truth is, perhaps, quite different; and as, by chance, I happened to find traces of precious materials to control the facts of Cromwell's history—materials, all Italian, and till now, to a great extent, unexamined and unedited, it seemed to me it might be interesting to revise the life of Cromwell in the light of these new sources.

While the drama of the revolution was being acted in London, the Italian states and, especially, the Republics of Genoa and Venice had their diplomatic representatives there; they were, altogether or almost, unconnected with the events and were foreigners. They were therefore able to see facts almost as posterity may do. They were Italians, and by nature endowed with that good sense of ours which is sometimes indulgent to human weaknesses and other people's mistakes, but does not fail to mark them with acute penetration.

The letters and official reports of Francesco Bernardi, the Genovese Chargé d'Affaires, and a personal friend of Cromwell's; those of Lorenzo Pauluzzi and of Francesco Giavarina, Venetian residents; and of two extraordinary ambassadors, Ugo Fiesco of Genoa, and Giovanni Sagredo of Venice, composed, almost day by day, the history of those events which the newspapers of the time were silent about, or made known according to the will of the rulers of the hour, and which were distorted by later historians.

From the comparison of the narrations of these serene witnesses of the events, with those of the inflamed writers influenced by party prejudice, this "Life of Cromwell" is derived. In it will be found unknown episodes, the confirmation of others which some might believe to be inexact, the suppression finally of others which were considered certain, but which, having left no traces in five accounts of different witnesses, raise serious doubts as to their authenticity.

With the aid of such evidence, this "Life of Cromwell" has been written. In it he will not appear as a *demigod*, as in the apology of Carlyle, who finds an ardent follower in the artistic admiration of Drinkwater, the most authoritative and cultured of living Cromwellians; in it will also disappear the *demon* Cromwell of Ludlow's and Villemain's narrations; in short,

I hope to have succeeded in evoking the *man* Cromwell, neither demigod nor demon, resembling the real person more than the others; a Cromwell, honest and ambitious, cruel at first like all sincere fanatics; cruel, also afterwards, like all those who, at a certain point, confuse themselves and their own fortunes with the ideas they believe they represent, and treat their adversaries as heretics; the *man* Cromwell, fighting for a dream of glory which he is never to realize, acting, desperately and in vain, to leave behind him only hatred.

It is, in short, the story of a man and his illusion—that of one who believes that nations can accept the supposed welfare which they do not ask for and which tyranny promises them and sometimes partly provides, at the price of humiliation and servitude—of the loss, in short, of the precious, daily blessing of freedom. Because, even though the tyrant be as great as a hero, says, in his wisdom, mad Don Quixote, his glory will always be less permanent than that of a saint.

The correspondence of Francesco Bernardi extends from 1651 to 1655. It is all preserved in the State Archives of the Republic of Genoa, in the Diplomatic Correspondence Department. The *Societa Ligure di Storia Patria* had the most interesting part of Bernardi's correspondence transcribed and published by Carlo Prayer

in 1882. The quotations from the public letters are drawn from the Prayer collection, which has been immensely useful to me.

In the same collection are published the letters and reports of the Ambassador Ugo Fiesco. The correspondence of the Venetian envoy, Lorenzo Pauluzzi, is in the Archives of the Secret Chancery of the Venetian Republic, where are also to be found the letters and report of Giovanni Sagredo, as well as the letters of Francesco Giavarina, following his. Several of Pauluzzi's letters, some of Sagredo's, and the report of the latter to the Venetian Senate, were edited by Guglielmo Berchet and published at Venice in 1864, in the typography of Naratovich, as the documentation of an interesting pamphlet entitled: "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic." Most of the Venetian diplomatic papers, however, are still inedited and are in the Archive, partly in the department *Principi*, partly in the other *Carteggio-diplomatico-Inghilterra*.

E. M.

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PART I

THE scene of the drama is, indeed, England, and more especially London, but the spectators, not altogether excluded from the action, are the nations of Europe in the first half of the seventeenth century—some, spectators, interested in the drama, others directly participating in it; all somewhat afraid of the strange, troubled ferment of ideas then seething in London. Rome, uneasy, watched these struggles between her adversaries, for remote as they were, it was around the Papacy that their religious discords centred; Paris, splendidly daring and strong, under the rule of her most astute Minister, comprehended by a queen who of her very weakness had created her own astuteness, looked uneasily on her turbulent neighbour. Paris had frequently to fear that the religious peace, willed by Henry IV in his Edict of Nantes, was but a weapon for new struggles in favour of the Protestants, and thus the audacity of the members of the Reformed sects in England was not the least cause of the abolition of the contents of that Edict. Nor was Holland a mere

spectator of the drama; a constant rival of English naval power, governed by strong men, she suffered from the shock of the revolution in England, desirous then of glory on the seas for her men and her Government. And wherever Revolution had spread with its thousand streams—as rebellion against Papacy, as the awakener of spirits who had found their nourishment in the productions of the press—there arrived an echo of the titanic struggle going on in London, there, where a formidable will and a great dream, still unrealized, called together the Reformed of all the world to effect a rebirth in Christ, without the Church.

And such echoes resounded violently, amid the stupefaction and horror of monarchs and peoples, rousing enthusiasm and fear in the midst of an intermediate civilization in which, along with the Middle Ages not altogether vanished, modern civilization manifested itself, here and there, with thrills, precursors of new consciences, and gleams of unprejudiced intellects.

If, in the public squares of Milan, the Spanish domination drew the ignorant and savage people to torture the "anointers," suspected of spreading the pestilence, elsewhere, in the free seats of science in the Low Countries, René Descartes wrote his *Discourse on Method*, the foundation of the New Science, a most able and formidable

revolutionary act, as it faces the problems of life, with religious agnosticism, in an age when philosophy and theology were one only science, difficult to treat, without supinely following the traces of the fierce and implacable dogmas, defended by the arms of the Holy Office. And the English revolution shows the influence of this strange theatre: now parliamentary and attached to legality, so that the history of some of its episodes seem to have served as models to the revolutions of the nineteenth century; now savage and epical, sanguinary and terrible, like certain periods of the dark and cruel struggles which stained Europe in the first centuries after the fall of the Western Roman Empire. And having around her this Europe, splendidly civilized in France, grey with slavery in Italy, flaming with martyrs in Spain, learned, studious and obstinately inimical to Papacy and the Church in the Central and Northern countries, still bleeding from the massacres of the Thirty Years War, England is the stage on which the tragedy develops.

The beginning of the struggle has a religious foundation and aspect. Henry VIII's reformation had given rise in England, Scotland and Ireland to an immense, insidious flourishing of strange and various sects, each of which boasted of being the sole possessor of Christian truth; and, perhaps, Bossuet is not wrong in asserting

that the origin of the English Revolution is to be found in the Court reformation of Henry VIII; at least, if we limit our research to the accidental cause of the revolution of which, instead, the real and profound reason is to be found in the spirit of the times. The country, thus divided into factions, which it is not worth while enumerating in their manifold characteristics, had in itself the germ from which the Civil War was to spring. When the factions pass from theoretic discussions to the material preparation of armed force—and there is no power in the state which, along with force, possesses also prestige enough to dominate them spiritually and materially—civil war is inevitable. Had the reasons of dissension been merely religious, without doubt, the English Monarchy would have won. Though Charles I was naturally good and generous, he would certainly not have drawn back in front of a *Night of St. Bartholomew*: but religion was only one of the motives of dissension, not the chief or the only one.

Fate caused it to divide the English people into two greater camps, which happened to be no less profoundly divided in their estimation of the powers of the monarchy and the rights of Parliament. So the factions came to be identified in two great parties; the monarchical, which, though of the Reformed religion, did not

go to the extreme anti-Catholicism of the Puritans, who were, above all, Parliamentarians and, therefore, zealous custodians of the constitution which limited the powers of the monarchy. The earliest manifestations of the political struggle are found in the antagonism between the Parliament and the King. On March 27th, 1625, Charles I had succeeded James on the throne of England. The young King rose to power surrounded by the warm affection of his people—affection well deserved, the most ferocious of his detractors being unable to deny that he possessed great qualities, a firm character and moral rectitude. Indeed, his piety and austere habits seemed, above everything else, to indicate him as likely to satisfy the expectation of the young Puritans who formed the most redoubtable group in the Parliamentary opposition. Parliament was convoked by the King on April 2nd. Though still far from having the characteristics of a modern representative body, the English House of Commons at that time might be said to be a popular representation sufficiently like modern ones, but still far from the more or less general methods of suffrage inspired by the principles of the French Revolution; the nomination of the representatives to the House of Commons appertained to the Commons (hence the name), who, singly or in groups, had alone the privilege of letting their voices be heard

in the central legislative assembly. Originally, the Commons sent their representatives to the House of Lords, but this kind of popular and elective representation agreed but ill with the other members of this House—namely, with the peers, whether hereditary or created by the king: hence, the separation which automatically created the two houses. They arose through spontaneous generation, and, only later, found the constitutional sanction of their origin, sprung from an irremediable dissension.

The Parliament or House of Commons, summoned by Charles I, was an assembly of men of exceptional talent, patriotism and personal worth. An historian—a royalist and, therefore, beyond suspicion—quoted by Villemain, affirms:

> "Never had there been seen so many excellent men as in that assembly and, had England not, by then, reached extreme ruin, they were men who longed to save her and, with their talent, would have succeeded in doing so."

An opinion flattering to the men, but historically erroneous. Parliament found its way to the work of reconstruction barred by the Royalist Party, and by the weakness of the King. Neither the one nor the other had understood that, in a free and civilized country, the times were not propitious to despotic monarchy; and that a country like England, educated for centuries to civic liberty, would not turn back to the past.

In any case, Parliament opened under favourable auspices. In the first meetings, speeches of affectionate devotion to the King were not lacking. In such speeches, however, there was no trace whatsoever of any servile or flattering tone, so that to some they seemed excessively audacious and disrespectful in form.

Sir Robert Cotton, a most able orator, in a speech containing marked allusions to personages of the Court, declared that the King was not requested to remove his evil councillors, as Parliament had demanded under Henry IV and Henry VI; that the House had no intention of interfering with their choice, as had been done in the reigns of Edward II, Richard II, Henry IV and Henry VI; nor would the Councillors, chosen by the King, be asked to take an oath before Parliament, as in the reigns of Edward II and Richard II; neither was it demanded that Parliament should prescribe to them what conduct they were to hold, as it had thought right to do under Henry III and Henry IV; and they did not call on His Majesty to promise, as Henry III did, to do everything with the approval of the Assembly and nothing without its consent; but, as the humble and faithful subjects they were, they limited themselves to the expression of their modest desires.[1]

The courteous form did not veil the substance,

[1] *Parliament History*, Vol. II, Col. 14–17.

which by no means pleased the King, and still less his councillors. But Parliament knew that it had a formidable card to play. The exchequer was exhausted; for the war against Spain, already decided, money was required; to levy new taxes the consent of Parliament was necessary. For some of Charles I's predecessors the consent had been reduced to a mere formality; even then, easy grants of full powers, also for long periods, had not been wanting. One King had obtained from Parliament the right of receiving customs for all the duration of his reign. But the new times did not seem favourable to such ample concessions in favour of the Crown; thus, the demand for means to carry on the war being presented to Parliament, it voted only a small sum, and granted the King the right to exact the customs for the war for the duration of one year only. This vote which, considering the King's fame and his past life, apparently undeserving of such diffidence, seemed absolutely unjustified, roused great disputes on the side of the Court Party and the House of Lords. The King was so exasperated that, on August 12th, he dissolved Parliament. From this act began that irremediable dissension which was to lead Charles I to the scaffold, after a terrible struggle which for long years lacerated the country. But the dissolution of Parliament did not solve the financial problem;

a loan substituted the legal raising of taxes; messengers of the King travelled through all the counties demanding money. The names of those who, able to give, refused to do so, were forwarded to the King. It was hoped that, in this way, by fear or intimidation, the Monarch's aim would be reached. A considerable sum was obtained. The expedition against Cadiz was organized, but the English army was defeated.

The disappointment was great. The friends of the Monarchy promptly sought to distract the people from the civil struggle by absorbing them in religious strife, through a revival of persecutions against the Roman Catholics, but without success. In the beginning of the following year, the King understood the necessity of resuming the contact with his people, so unhappily interrupted, and once more summoned Parliament on February 6th, 1626.

For two years, a close and violent struggle between the King and the Commons went on. Every day some new incident took place; now the liberation of citizens arrested by order of the King; now the impeachment of some of his most influential councillors, such as Buckingham. Parliament, aware that its acts were applauded by the people, and seeing its members surrounded by general favour, became more and more audacious, and ended by demand-

ing a precise constitution which should determine the respective powers of the Monarchy and Parliament. The country took a warm part in the dispute and was divided between the partisans of the two tendencies. The King was again unfortunate in war, which undermined his power and that of his adherents, yet he made another audacious effort to assume absolute power by once more dissolving Parliament, on June 2nd, 1628.

A few months later, on August 23rd, 1628, Lord Buckingham, the favourite councillor of the King, was assassinated by the hand of a fanatic, called Felton, who was sent to the gallows. On January 20th, 1629, for the third time in the reign of Charles I, the Commons assembled. Strife was rekindled; the meetings were stormy, the accusations against the Monarchy still more daring and more frequent. The King was accused not only of attempts against liberty and the constitution, but also of excessive weakness towards Roman Catholic preachers; the orators were numerous and violent. Also those less known, the new members, were listened to with deference and enthusiastically applauded; and one day, February 11th, 1629, the House fervently acclaimed a thirty-year-old member, badly dressed, rough in appearance, who spoke for the first time, denouncing in violent and coarse language, the

indulgence of a reformed bishop towards an obscure preacher who was carrying out a low, papistic propaganda. The orator thus described by Warwick [1] was Oliver Cromwell. In that hour, he entered history.

[1] The most incredible and fantastic tales have been told by historians about Cromwell before he entered public life. The history of his youth has been constructed by them according to models prearranged according to their respective liking or dislike for him with no regard to truth. The facts, indeed, are quite simple. Cromwell was born at Huntingdon on April 25th, 1599, his family belonging to the well-to-do middle-class, and without being very rich, could afford to live in ease and comfort. Oliver was educated at Lincoln and Cambridge, being a mediocre student, neither better nor worse than the average of his companions. He married when twenty-one, and was a father at twenty-two. That is all! The rest is pure invention.

From Oliver Cromwell's marriage with Elizabeth Bouchier, celebrated on August 22nd, 1620, when he was only twenty-one years old, nine children were born, and precisely:

(1) Robert, baptized in 1621, died in childhood.

(2) Oliver, baptized in February, 1622–3. Died young in war. Other particulars are wanting.

(3) Bridget, baptized on August 4th, 1624. Married first to Ireton, and, after his death, to Fleetwood. Died in 1681, near London.

(4) Richard, baptized on October 4th, 1626. Succeeded to the Protectorate, which he held for a few months. Died at Cheshunt in 1712.

(5) Henry, baptized on January 20th, 1627–8. Died 1674.

(6) Elizabeth, baptized on July 2nd, 1629. Married to Claypole. Died on August 6th, 1658, four weeks before her father.

(7) James, baptized on January 8th, 1631–2. Died in infancy.

(8) Mary, baptized on February 9th, 1636–7. Married Lord Fauconberg. Died 1713.

(9) Francis, baptized on December 6th, 1638. Married Rich, and, left a widow, Sir John Russell. Died 1721.

Cromwell's widow died at Norborough, October 8th, 1672.

AWAITING IN SILENCE

THE third Parliament, which had too daringly objected to the prerogatives and rights which King Charles believed to belong to him, had but a brief life. In less than a month after the day when Oliver Cromwell had made his speech, the King, tired of what he considered insults against his royal dignity, dissolved and dismissed the House of Commons on March 2nd, 1629.

A new summons was expected, but a proclamation from the Court was such as to rob the members of every illusion, and leave no doubt as to Charles's intentions, as it ended with these plain words—which sounded like a gravestone falling on the English Parliament:[1] "We shall account it presumption for any to prescribe any time unto us for Parliament." So the members of Parliament may return to their homes. Charles I will initiate his absolute power, which will last for ten years, and will lead to civil war, defeat, and death.

Oliver Cromwell returned to his family. He was now thirty years old and had been married

[1] *Parliament History*, Vol. II, Col. 422.

for nine years to Elizabeth Bourchier.[1] Already five children diffused gaiety in his house, and a sixth was expected in a few months. The young *paterfamilias*, who had, during the past years, matured in the intense life lived in London, where he had been the spectator of so many events, and where his spirit had opened to the hope of collaborating in the restoration of a divine liberty, inspired by the most rigorous interpretation of the words of Christ, returned to his lands and seemed to disappear from the life of his country. But in him hate and love had ripened; ties of friendship and solidarity had been formed with those, along with whom he had divided the anxiety, hopes, and delusions of the three Parliaments summoned and dismissed by King Charles. A profound admiration for those who had, with such ardour, voted that Petition of Rights (a species of constitutional chart which the King had with evident reluctance submitted to); amazement at the strange, contradictory conduct of the King and his adherents who, united in the same hostility against Roman Catholicism, seemed yet to find the hatred of the Puritans for that religion excessive and to be choosing a *via media* which was satisfactory to no one; a deep and secret rancour against all that blocked the way towards what for him was truth and salvation; namely,

[1] Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*, p. 20.

the limpid, absolute liberalism of the Puritans, were the sentiments blended in the heart of the young *paterfamilias* when he returned to his home, where his wife and children awaited him. And, like Cromwell, the members of the dissolved Parliament returned to their families in the same mood, with the same rancour, the same hopes in their hearts. Their history disappears from the surface of English life to sink into the secret places of conspiracies, sects, assemblies apparently religious—the unhappy and inevitable inheritance of all those governments that extinguish liberty of thought and speech, and hope to destroy the former by merely hindering its manifestation.

"But in cellars, in the open fields, under the beams of garrets, among the thickest woods, the sectarians continued to meet. The sadness of the places, the danger and the difficulty of meeting together all served to heat their imagination."

So writes an historian of that period. To those gatherings, new adepts hastened, and their common, mortal danger bound them together in an indissoluble tie of fraternal solidarity.

From time to time, news reached them from London—news which grew worse and worse and, fraught with menaces, kindled their wrath, and spread grief and disappointment among them.

All this vast conspiracy, nameless, with

no definite aim, which had a clearer vision of the object of its hatred than the end to which it was directed, gathered, with its propaganda, round Cromwell, on his estate. Hatred was no longer directed only against Catholicism. Now it had a nearer objective. Not yet the King, but the Court. It, with its bishops, with many of its nobles, did not realize that a great event had ripened in Europe, since dogmatic and intolerant Catholicism had found an adversary in Martin Luther; since men's intellects—the way to free theological discussion having been opened—had found it impossible to stop short on the threshold of free political discussion.

Many historical problems, which come to the front in the lives of nations after the sixteenth century, can only be explained by taking into account the spirit which had pervaded Europe after the Reformation. It truly indicated a new era, not because it deprived Catholicism of a greater or less number of its faithful adherents, but because, with it, begins that free examination, under whose criticism will fall, first of all, superstitious terrors and religious fanaticism, and later, the supine servility of nations to the divine right of Monarchy, to yield to a contemporary scientific, laic and democratic civilization. The English Monarchy of the seventeenth century, though it had

embraced the Reformation, had not entirely realized its significance.

English society, nourished with the spirit of freedom, incapable of giving up even a limited liberty, sure at least of not being a victim of the despotism of princes, like French society in the same period, proud of its middle class strong in wealth and activity, swiftly understood the identity of the origin of the many tyrannies prevailing in Europe; understood that the excessive power of the Pontiff and the Bishops justified and encouraged that of temporal princes. The religious struggle of the Reformation is, therefore, naturally grafted on the civil and democratic contest, and clearly explains why the spiritual basis of the revolution was not a vague mysticism but a profound sense of reality. English Society, rejecting Roman Catholicism, then refused, at once, before it asserted itself too strongly as in Russia, that form of state religion which united in the person of the King the office of head of the State and head of the Church.

Profound wisdom anticipating events, which has spared England centuries of humiliating servitude! A solid political education had given the English people that intuition which enabled it to comprehend the profoundly social foundation of the religious disputes in the country; thus, it understood how the aggre-

gating of religious power to royal sovereignty meant increasing beyond measure the power of the monarch and, therefore, indirectly, that of the nobility gravitating round the court.

The struggle opened, therefore, with a simplicity of lines, which may be said to have continued until the tragic end of Charles I. If from the struggle there emerged the valour of a military leader who then realized he need place no limits to his ambition, we may say it was circumstances which created the man, who later, was able to dominate them, and bend them with supreme ability and audacity to his own projects. In the midst of this struggle, while the bishops tenaciously defend the authority of the weak King, while laws follow one another, first threatening and then ferocious, the man, who is to dominate events, comes forward. He seems to have been held back by destiny, when, unconscious of his future, he was about to leave his native land. Without doubt, about 1634, Oliver Cromwell thought of abandoning England.[1] The strife between the King

[1] This plan of emigration to America is given by many historians of the time, and not mentioned by others. As the biographies most hostile to Cromwell, such as Villemain, give it as a fact, I consider that no doubt about it can exist. Cromwell's enemies are fond of attributing to him boundless ambition and a longing for power, visible in him from his infancy. How can this be reconciled with his project of becoming a pioneer and farmer in

and his people gave no sign of ceasing. A modest country-gentleman, while the despotism of the King and his councillors oppressed the citizens with taxes, he thought of following the many Puritans who crossed the ocean, attracted by the hope of religious liberty and of a simple life, and by the wealth which the lands in America seemed to promise.

It was certainly at this time, or shortly after, that the family in the old paternal home thought of departing. There was nothing to keep them back any longer. The trial Oliver had made of political life in Parliament had left no regret in him, nor had it brought to light his personality. He had returned to the peace of his family and his quiet, country life, illuminated only by the daily study of biblical sources; so constant that in the limited society of Huntingdon, he was sought after for his discourses on theological subjects. Five years had passed and the situation was growing worse. It was necessary, therefore, to go; political persecutions had made victims of his near relations—rebels against the fiscal exactions, considered by them illegal; there seemed to be no hope of greater liberty in the future.

America? *Neal*, in his *History of the Puritans*, *Walpole* in the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. I, p. 206, and *A. J. Dugour* in his *Histoire d'Oliver Cromwell*, Vol. I, agree in their account of the prevented emigration.

Better the risk of the long crossing in a slow sailing-ship, along with his numerous family, his belongings, and his young children (the latest-born was not then two years old), than an uncertain life in a country, lacerated by hate, where every neighbour seemed to be an enemy, every priest a spy. And so Oliver Cromwell resolved to leave England, for ever.

But government in London was unfavourable to such emigration. Not that it cared much about what the emigrants might say or do once they had reached America, but it disliked that way of evading, by flight, obedience to the will of the authorities, and especially of avoiding the payment of taxes which the ever-increasing needs of the Monarch demanded from his subjects. The ship, on which Oliver had embarked, was about to sail. The man, of whom, perhaps, no memory would then have remained in history, was about to enter into the shade, when a decree of the King arrived unexpectedly, prohibiting the emigration, and stigmatizing as ingrates those who, for political reasons, left the country. The fatal hour had struck. Just when the ship was about to sail, the will of the King himself—the Monarch destined to be deprived of his throne and his life by the victorious revolution—hindered the departure of, and detained in England, the man who was to inherit his blood-stained sceptre.

So Oliver, thus forbidden to leave the country, remained; and along with his family and his belongings, already on board, returned to the ancient house of his fathers, while the ship which was to have borne him across the ocean sailed away into the mists, followed by his yearning and regrets. In that hour of delusion, he did not dream that events were maturing in the womb of time, which he, unshaken, would dominate until his death. With him had disembarked other fugitives called Pym, Haslerig, Hampden—names which would ring out a fiery summons in the approaching hour of revolt.

In January, 1635, Cromwell was at St. Ives, whence the famous letter, preserved in the British Museum, is dated—a letter of no historical importance, except that of fixing a date, and certifying that Oliver was then in the country, where his lands required the personal and assiduous care of the head of the family, ever faithful to his duty. A few days later, however, he had to leave St. Ives, to take possession of the estate bequeathed to him by his maternal uncle, Thomas Steward, who had died on January 30th at Ely, to which town Oliver removed with his family. The inheritance was substantial and carried with it the exaction of tithes, an office held by Steward with rigorous probity but, as it seems, with great profit to himself. While Oliver, sur-

rounded by his children in rural tranquillity, seemed to be far from the struggle, busied only in helping the Puritan preachers, encouraging them and recommending them to his friends and relatives, the revolt, soon to break out, was being prepared in dark alleys, in the docks, in the preachers' and shopkeepers' houses. It was no longer merely a movement against Episcopacy and in favour of civic and legal liberties, but a vast spirit of rebellion which pervaded the people in the capital, animated groups, leagues, societies, creeds, sects, took a thousand names, a thousand symbols; all, however, demanding one thing only:—namely, liberty to believe what was dictated to them by their spirit, without limitation or control. And this in an austerity of life and customs which made those sectarians models of morality, surrounded with veneration and respect, devotion and love.

Even those who did not share their ideas regarded them with sympathy, furnishing thus a proof of the profound dissension which rendered them hostile to a government whose tyranny offended and united in a common hatred the most different kinds of men, while its incapacity encouraged the most audacious hopes in those who longed for its ruin. The Government, on its side, perhaps unaware of how widely such hatred against it had spread,

not meeting apparently with opposition or resistance, proudly disdained its adversaries. Every now and then, in a fit of fear, it increased its tyranny with harsher corrective measures, but as Guizot writes:[1]

"The very necessity which was increasingly felt by it of augmenting its oppression, did not serve to enlighten it; rather caused it to rejoice the more in its power, as with the increase of danger it was obliged to adopt more rigorous measures."

And in the decade between 1630 and 1640, the Monarchy, with a blindness which would be incomprehensible were it not common to all tyrannical *régimes*, prepared a harvest of ruin from a daily sowing of seeds of hatred. Violence, persecution, martyrdom, imprisonment, exile, were the lot especially of men whom the people loved and esteemed most for their honesty, learning and purity of life, and thus was diffused that state of mind which is at the root of all revolutions:—namely, the sense of the injustice and iniquity of the yoke imposed on the people, unjustified by any supreme reason of state, owing only to the determination of the King and his court to command, without control, to obtain wealth at the expense of their victims, to enjoy the privileges which the Monarchy lavished on its faithful adherents. The hatred against Charles I's policy of abso-

[1] *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.*

lute monarchy was diffused—more than by a free press, or the meetings of Parliament by then suppressed—by the news of his ferocious, political persecutions against men only guilty of invoking the re-establishment of the elementary rights of his subjects.

With what else could Sir John Eliot be reproached, who had with such moderation, spoken in the House of Commons only in favour of greater parliamentary control over the doings of the Ministers? And yet, for this, he was condemned to prison by a servile court; when, ill and near to death, Sir John wrote to the King, begging him to grant him milder treatment, that he might recover his health, the King refused, declaring that the tone of the request was not humble enough, and requiring a confession of guilt from the prisoner. And Sir John Eliot died at forty years of age in the Tower of London, King Charles refusing the request of his family to have, at least, his corpse.

Along with the King, Wentworth and Archbishop Laud made persecution the system of their policy, and the method was easy and often materially profitable. Drinkwater [1] writes that, when a gentleman was suspected, he was invited to return to his estates and was benevolently informed that his return to

[1] Drinkwater, *The Life of Oliver Cromwell.*

London might have the most dangerous consequences. A merchant, suspected, was suddenly forbidden to go to the seaports, where his commerce was carried on. Monopolies of articles of prime necessity were created only for the sake of profit.

This tyranny was to follow the fatal slope common to all tyrannies—growing harsher and harsher in the hopes of saving itself, attempting to extinguish every possibility of rebellion, aggravating its methods to the point of folly. The episodes of this decade are infinite ; some, so terrible in their iniquity and cruelty, that they explain the enormous increase of hatred which would not be placated until Charles I's head should fall under the executioner's axe. The origin of such a reign of terror was Laud's dominion over the King. The Special Court of the Star Chamber no longer sufficed. The Council of the North was brought back to life —that which, one hundred years earlier, Henry VIII had created to deal out rapid and summary justice to the rebels of the northern counties. To these Special Courts were assigned all the crimes which had a close or remote connection with politics, the penalties inflicted on the guilty being always heavy, and often ferociously cruel.

All discussions being prohibited, clandestine publications being punished by death, men of

different creeds and origin, merchants, nobles, scientists, men of letters, lawyers, all being united in hatred and persecution, in prison and tortures, were bound in fraternal bonds more closely than any propaganda would have succeeded in uniting them.

Nothing indeed blends human spirits more than sharing together sorrow, persecution and martyrdom; and if a nobleman ascended the scaffold in the cause of liberty, his brother nobles, confined in their castles, thrilled with the same indignation as the populace of London, looking on at his execution in silence and tears.

But far off from London, where control was not so great, and the troops took more time in arriving to suppress revolt, it was already fermenting. In Scotland we have the first spark of the immense conflagration. The episode which began the Civil War was exclusively religious, but the fortuitous occasion is of little importance in the successive development of the Revolution in England.

The Anglican Archbishop Laud, equally hostile to the Pope and to the intransigent Puritanism of the English people, had dictated ritual forms for the National Church which seemed too similar to those of the Roman liturgy. When these rules were imposed on the churches, they roused diffidence and indignation, rather because their author was the hated Laud than for their

intrinsic substance. Deaf to all protests, the King had ratified the proceedings of Laud, and the heralds proclaimed and posted up the decree in Edinburgh. Two peers of the realm, Lord Hume and Lord Lindsay, caused a protest against it to be published and posted up, and to it many eminent men adhered. Meeting some months later, they prepared the Covenant, in which they vowed to be faithful to the observance of the Presbyterian faith, and to exterminate Papacy and Episcopacy as a form of religious predominion in political and civil matters. But the Covenant, in its text, plainly reveals the real profound reason of the rebellion when, in the third paragraph, it obliges its adherents to swear to fight for the rights and privileges of Parliament and for the liberty of the people. Messengers were despatched all over the country to spread abroad the Covenant as a reply to the decree proclaimed by the King's heralds, and they sped over the mountains to the shepherds' cottages, along river banks and sea shores, among fishers and sailors, wherever men were to be found. They returned to the customs described in the old Sagas; the wooden cross was again made, and when its four ends had been lit with flame, then extinguished in blood, was carried by the messengers with incredible velocity from district to district, from village to village. At the

sight of the cross, without a word, without a cry, the men armed, gathered together, ready to march at the sign of the chief.[1]

News of the rebellion in Edinburgh reached London, but, at first, not much importance was attached to it. It was considered a negligible incident, a revolt of the populace. Later news, however, gave the measure of the vast movement, to which the whole of Scotland had adhered, except the Government officials, some thousands of Catholics, and the small city of Aberdeen.

And then, after some hesitation, Charles decided to march against the rebels with a small army. This step, with which the Monarch meant to dismay his adversaries through a display of his strength, only served to reveal on what weak foundations his tyranny was based. The rebels' army and the King's did not meet; parleys were held, and at Berwick, on June 18th, 1639, a treaty of an insecure character was

[1] The Fiery Cross was a cross of wood charred at the four points and dipped, while still burning, in goat's blood. It was sent round by a Highland Chief when he needed to summon his retainers, and was borne by relays of the swiftest runners who mentioned only the place fixed for the gathering of the clan. Who received it was bound to carry it to the next hamlet, and for whoever disobeyed, it became the Cross of Shame, as all males from sixteen to sixty years of age, were bound to hasten, armed, to the meeting-place. This custom was common to the Highlanders in Scotland and to the Scandinavians, and seems to have still been in vogue in 1845 (Guizot, op. cit., p. 50).

entered into, which only proved one thing—namely, that the King and his Ministers had, at last, realized with what a spirit of rebellion the country was pervaded, and how dangerous it would be to face open warfare.

The armies on both sides were dismissed, but only in appearance ; in reality, preparation for war was fervid and uninterrupted. The King endeavoured to draw out negotiations in order to hinder the preliminary agreements, taken at Berwick, being effected ; but he was soon forced to realize that the adherents to the Covenant were increasing day by day. And England took advantage of the state of affairs in Scotland. The vindication of parliamentary liberties became one with the defence of the Reformed religion, and resistance was vain. In the hope of regaining the trust of his people, and acquiring prestige with the rebels, Charles, after eleven years of arbitrary power, again summoned Parliament, on April 13th, 1640.

The plan of the King was simple : he imagined that the House of Commons would censure the rebellion of the Scots, against whom he brought a vague accusation of relations with the King of France. Consequently, Parliament would vote new subsidies for an armed expedition against them, in order to extinguish any attempt at revolt.

But, although among the newly-elected members, there were eminent Royalists, the new

Parliament was at once seen to be no less jealous of its rights than its predecessor. And, in fact, after three weeks of skirmishing merely about the precedence to be given to the vote on the sums demanded by the King, or to that on the complaints, put forward by Parliament about various matters, the King, seeing the resistance of the House, dissolved it. An hour later, Edward Hyde, a young Royalist member of Parliament, meeting St. John, one of the chiefs of the opposition, who asked him why he was so sad, replied: "What troubles me and so many others is this imprudent dissolving of so serious a Parliament, which, in the crisis in which we now are, would have been the only one able to find a way out of it." "Things must go worse before they go better," replied St. John. "This Parliament would never have done what must needs be done."

Charles I, that very evening, on hearing that some one at Court had purposely spread abroad the rumour that any agreement between King and Commons was impossible, realized what a mistake he had made. He even thought of revoking the decree of dissolution, but was dissuaded from doing so.

Cromwell was present at all the meetings of this short parliamentary session, as member for Cambridge. He was a silent listener to the discussions; perhaps, no one even noticed him there.

The Court party had won against the King himself; and he returned to his exercise of arbitrary power. Resolved to put an end to the Scottish rebellion which the Berwick treaty had left unsettled, he, with forced loans, with all kinds of cunning and violence, succeeded in raising an army. The short campaign ended in disaster. The Scots were victorious and advanced over the border, London applauding their success. The King's soldiers deserted, or betrayed him; funds were lacking. The situation was serious, and neither Wentworth, now Lord Strafford, nor Laud could give him valid support. It was proposed to summon Parliament again. The King resisted, preferring to summon a Council of Peers, like the ancient feudal kings. But, from every side, there reached him petitions for the convening of Parliament, one of them bearing the signatures of twelve of the nobles whom he had desired to have as Councillors, rather than risk an election. The Peers met and a delegation was named to negotiate peace with Scotland. Meanwhile, the election took place amid great fervour. Several of the Royalist members were defeated, and, on November 3rd, 1640, began that session of Parliament which was to continue for thirteen years uninterruptedly, and which is known in history as the Long Parliament.

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE REVOLUTION

THE Parliament of the Revolution opened with the observance of the usual traditional forms, with gorgeous processions and equipages. Many were indeed sincerely desirous of pacification and hopeful that the King, returning from the dangerous path he had begun to tread, would turn to the House of Commons in a spirit of friendship as to a loyal collaborator of government, but many others were filled with complete distrust for a King who had been too often false to his word, and had too often preferred the unwise advice of his courtiers to the votes of his people's representatives.

For several members, the new Parliament meant a Court in which many accusations would have to be made and sifted, many pains and penalties called for.

From his lands, formerly uncultivated and redeemed from waste by his efforts, Oliver Cromwell arrived once more. Many had trusted him with protests to be presented, and lists of iniquities to be denounced. Victims of these political persecutions, villages or peasants, who

had had their lands invaded and expropriated by the King's favourites, or been obliged to pay ruinous tributes, they had put their trust in him to obtain redress, sure that he would defend them, with that rude, inelegant, unflattering eloquence of his, ready to express the most unwelcome truths—eloquence, which had the advantage of springing from a deep religious faith, often invoked to support his arguments, and of the purity of the orator's life, and his consciousness of being always the disinterested defender of the right.

The elegant and able London speakers might smile at the uncouthness of Oliver Cromwell, but could not deny that when he spoke, his audience were dumb, as if compelled to think by the words they were listening to.[1] The fine courtiers might smile at Cromwell's common attire, round hat, and by no means immaculate collar; but the smile of most of the members disappeared when he denounced the intrigues and martyrdoms he knew of, when he spoke, without rhetoric, but with the eloquence of facts and names, of what had happened in the country places, in the villages remote from London, of the tyranny of the ten years passed without Parliament. His speeches roused

[1] Warwick, in his *Memoirs*, p. 247, writes that his respect for Parliament was greatly diminished by the fact that Cromwell had been listened to so attentively.

neither enthusiasm nor applause ; they had not the facile success of the born orator, but they gave to the assembly the certainty that Oliver Cromwell was a force and a faith ; and that, around him in the place whence he came, were gathered in a close bond other forces and other faiths. Cromwell's future was, perhaps, shaped chiefly by such a certainty, felt and realized. From the first days of its existence, the new House showed it was above all a Court of Justice. Numerous commissions were appointed to examine the complaints, arriving from every part of the kingdom, against the abuses practised by the Monarch during the past years. These commissions put together proofs and documents, and called before them to answer for their deeds the most eminent personages in the kingdom who dared not refuse to appear before them. The truth of the facts being ascertained, the guilty were considered as accused awaiting judgment ; the inquiries went on even when the responsible persons were members of a commission appointed by Parliament itself, and they were consequently excluded from it. The severity of such investigations spread terror among the Royalists, and, as in every similar period, then, too, hasty conversions took place, and those who had been the most violent adversaries of Puritanism became the most zealous in its cause.

Fear seized on the souls also of those who, owing to the importance of their office, were nearest the King. Lord Strafford felt, more than any other, the storm darkening around him. From Ireland he wrote to the King, begging him to dispense him from returning to London, as he felt he could be of no use to his Majesty ; his presence would only increase their common danger and put him into the power of his enemies. Left in Ireland he might still be useful to the King, and escape the ruin awaiting him.[1]

The King, unconscious, doubtless, of Strafford's danger, replied serenely that he could not do without Strafford's advice, but that as true as he was King of England, Strafford ran no risk. Not a hair of his head should be touched.

And Strafford did return with a most audacious plan ; he would from accused become accuser and denounce to the House of Lords the members of the House of Commons who had favoured and supported the rebellion in Scotland. Proofs of this could not be lacking. Did some one inform the House of Commons of this project ? Doubtless it was so. For Strafford arrived at London from Ireland on November 9th. On the 10th, tired and ill, he did not leave home and could not be received

[1] Whitelock, op. cit., p. 16. Guizot, p. 41 and note.

by the King. On the morning of the 11th, Pym, one of the most audacious of the Puritan members, accused Strafford of high treason in the House, and proposed that the impeachment should be, *ipso facto*, sent to the House of Lords. Just then Strafford was with the King : warned, he hastened to the Upper House, but Pym had forestalled him and he found the door closed. The janitors, hesitating, attempted to keep him out—he succeeded, however, in entering—but when he was seen, cries arose ordering him to leave. He obeyed, and waited in the lobby, perhaps without realizing what was going on. He was kept waiting an hour and then called on to enter the hall. The Lord Chancellor bade him kneel and announced to him that the House of Lords had received and accepted the accusation of the House of Commons, and committed him to the Tower. A few hours later, after the same procedure, Archbishop Laud was impeached and arrested.

The Court was terrorized. Some, knowing they were menaced, fled ; others prepared ample declarations of homage to the House of Commons ; the King seemed to oppose no resistance and allowed his prestige to sink low in indifference and contempt.

The House voted subsidies for the most urgent needs, but rejected the further demands of the King ; indeed, made a show of the

greatest indifference to all that might seem homage to the royal prerogatives.

The powers of the State passed imperceptibly, day by day, to the House without any possibility of the King's resistance. The most noted and influential members did not conceal their intimacy with the heads of the Scottish rebels, who were in London as plenipotentiaries to settle the terms for peace. All this took place with enthusiastic fervour, which gave to London a thrilling life, animated with discussions, newspapers, demonstrations. The liberation of some of the victims of the reaction was a pretext for solemn manifestations of joy and approval of the proceedings of the House of Commons.

But the experience of the past counselled prudence, and Parliament thought of providing a constitutional reform which should be a guarantee for the continuity of Parliamentary life, and hinder any attempt at re-establishing absolute power.

In January, 1641, a plan of constitution was proposed which made the summoning of Parliament by the King, at least every three years, compulsory. Should the Monarch fail to summon it, the vote of twelve Peers met together at Westminster would suffice to do so. Should the Peers fail, the Sheriffs and Mayors might be their substitutes; and finally, did these not do so, Parliament could summon itself.

The King endeavoured to oppose this diminution of his power, but the House passed the Bill, and the King gave his consent to it. But the pretensions of the Commons increased, and they successfully insisted on the abolition of the special courts—the Star Chamber and the Council of the North. Perhaps the King was sustained by a faint hope of being able to come to a constitutional agreement, and thus re-establish peace in his kingdom and in the consciences of his people. But the people kept up the pressure. Too many causes for rancour were still alive; too many wounds still recent and bleeding, and hatred was again directed towards Strafford who, in the Tower, was awaiting his trial. And his trial and attainder took place; rarely, a so deeply hated man has seemed so noble in front of his accusers. He, the faithful executor of the King's orders, the counsellor, also, of all that had been dreadful, unjust, and arbitrary in the years of his government, defended himself superbly; many accusations against him had been grossly exaggerated; others seemed, what in fact they were, exclusively political.

Strafford defended himself, and still more the cause, by then hopeless, of absolute power, in the name of which he had acted, convinced, perhaps, of doing only and always his duty. But precisely because the struggle was that of the new times against the old principles, which,

in the fatal illusion blinding the nations, were believed to be left behind for ever, Strafford was bound to be defeated.

And he was condemned to death. He put his trust in the King—in his King whom he had served so faithfully, and despairingly; certain, as he was, that to serve him meant to devote himself to death like Buckingham; but the King had become vile. When Strafford realized that Charles had abandoned him to his fate, he only murmured: "Put not your trust in princes." He went to his end nobly. With his escort he passed the Tower, where Laud was imprisoned, and Strafford called out his last farewell to him; then, having ascended the scaffold, where the executioner awaited him, he desired to speak to the crowd in which his friends and relatives were mingled, and serenely pronounced his last words, wishing his country all the prosperity he during his life had endeavoured to obtain for her; imploring his listeners to inquire conscientiously of themselves whether the beginning of the reconstruction of a state should be stained with bloodshed, and praying that no drop of his blood should fall on them; expressing, then, his fear that they were on a false road. Then kneeling down and praying, he quietly laid his head on the block.[1]

[1] *State Trials*, Vol. III. *Memoires de Warwick. Collections des Memoires de Guizot.*

The crowd present at the tragedy broke up singing, but many withdrew, silent and thoughtful.

Something tragic was looming over London; it was felt that the blood then shed would demand other blood, and that that act of justice, so long invoked, had really decided nothing.

Strife was thus openly declared. Religious questions were by now subordinated to the political dissension between the King and Parliament; and the latter, day by day more daring, placed no limit to its demands.

For another year, the two powers were to go on, each using every means to defeat the other; the King endeavouring to weaken the majority in the House hostile to him; the House, seeking to overcome those still faithful to the Monarchy. During this period, all sense of moderation was lost on both sides; each trying to strike the adversary for the sake of striking, as in a struggle which is felt to be mortal and in which no quarter is to be given. There were some moments when the errors and excesses of the Puritans seemed to awaken sympathy anew for the King; others, when the Monarch seemed a prey to sheer folly, unable to see that the hope of regaining lost ground was absurd.

The laws, restricting the royal power more

and more, were approved; then the King attempted to aim a last blow at the Commons, impeaching, for treason, five of the most powerful members in the House, namely, Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Hollis and Strode.

They took refuge with faithful friends in the city of London. The King, with armed followers, marched to the House of Commons to have the accused arrested. At the last moment, he repented and entered the House alone, demanding that Parliament should hand over to him the five members. But the Speaker, falling on his knees before the King, answered him with the celebrated words which will remain in history as a symbol of the dignity of Parliaments in the face of violence: "Sire, I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me." And the King departed, assuring him he would never have used force to arrest the members accused, if Parliament had refused to deliver them to him.

But, outside, the people were in tumult, feeling that the King would not hesitate in using any means to get his own way, and that it was necessary to be prepared for any event.

A week later, Charles quitted London, and the Civil War began.

THE CIVIL WAR

THE war which gives no quarter, which has a thousand leaders for its battles; the war which is fought everywhere, sows discord in homes, causes insurrections in the streets, skirmishes in the cottages, ambushes on the mountains and stratagems on the sea; the war which has no fighting front, in which one knows not whether his comrade of yesterday will not be his enemy to-morrow, whether after the victory the army, returning, will not find its triumph impeded by new enemies, by new and more terrible snares; the war which does not end in peace or with a treaty which pacifies, even when leaving painful memories and bitter rancour; no peace, no treaty binds any of those belligerents, straggling or far-off, who will still go on fighting like brigands or corsairs with insidious weapons such as conspiracies or attempts at assassination; the war which can end but with the extermination of one of the factions, with the definite disappearance of the leaders, who in their names have gathered together the always heterogeneous forces that

from faith, interest, desire of adventure, or spirit of sacrifice, have followed them in the strife—civil war, in short—the most terrible of all wars—had broken out in England.

While the King unfurled his royal banner at Nottingham on August 22nd, 1642, Parliament in London girded itself for the struggle. The people, meanwhile, joined one or other of the parties, in that tragic division which, in civil war, puts father against son, friend against friend, brother against brother.

With the King were the greatest nobles, the richest and most powerful of the commoners, bound to the Monarchy through tradition or self-interest. To these were added soldiers and adventurers who, relying on the certain victory of the King, hoped to gain favour and wealth. On the other side were the Puritans, men of study and culture, the lesser nobles oppressed by taxation, the professional class, and the merchants who, from contact with men beyond the seas and from their studies, had acquired a passion for political and religious liberty, for liberty of speech and thought, and who saw in the struggle a means of attaining that free, social organization which, in spite of some periods of eclipse, had been definitely consecrated in the life of the English people.

Besides men, money and leaders were necessary for the war. Parliament speedily found

them. All public revenues were destined to and controlled for the defence, and a Committee of Public Safety was formed as the executive organ of Parliamentary measures. This committee, which may be considered as a Parliamentary Ministry, consisted of five members of the House of Lords, and ten of the House of Commons.

The military force, which could be disposed of, being calculated, it was divided into 20 infantry regiments of about 1,000 men each, and 75 squadrons of horse of 60 men each. Robert, Earl of Essex, was appointed supreme head. To the command of the various regiments were called men of undoubted loyalty, and personal prestige, with the titles of colonels and captains. The list which is to be read in an official pamphlet, *List of the army raised under the command of Robert, Earl of Essex*, contains about a hundred names, among which that of Oliver Cromwell, as commander of the 67th Squadron.

This peaceful country gentleman, this farmer skilful only in practical life and somewhat learned in theology, suddenly found himself at the head of a handful of men, thrown into a sanguinary and implacable struggle.

Cromwell is said to have insisted on choosing the men who were to fight under him, himself, and to have tested them in feigned ambushes

to ascertain their courage, eliminating those who proved to be pusillanimous. He chose most of them in the district of Cambridge where he knew, and was known by, the people and the various families living there. This is probably true and explains why the troops, commanded by him, distinguished themselves above all the others for courage, zeal and solidarity. Cromwell was not blind to the perils of the situation. On the King's side were men expert in war, valiant knights animated by a profound sense of honour ; on the side of Parliament too many bourgeois, servants, humble people who knew nothing of war except its danger. To make up for such inferiority, he counselled great energy in commanding, and a careful selection of men, endeavouring above all to have soldiers whose faith in the cause they were fighting for, and political and religious ardour would give them that moral strength which military tradition and the King's presence kindled in the enemy's ranks.

In his mind there were a few clear and simple ideas and a precise appraisement of the great value of the human element in war—a value which always exceeds that attributed to strategic ability and abundant supplies of weapons—bourgeois ideas, which military men have often forgotten and which defeat has caused them

painfully to remember. If such ideas are the basis of the science of war, Oliver Cromwell was, without doubt, a great leader. He knew how to choose his soldiers, educate them, inspire them with faith in the sacredness of their cause, kindle in them enthusiasm and so lead them on, from one engagement to another, from ambush to ambush, from battle to battle, from victory to victory, up to the final triumph.

He conquered, winning his soldiers' love in spite of his sternness, for they knew they were loved by him: "I have a lovely company," he writes after a few months of command, to his colleague St. John, "you would respect them did you know them."

In the first year of guerilla warfare, the division of the country into regional associations, designed to furnish the army with means and men, the direction assumed by Cromwell of the Association of the East, his rising from rank to rank, even in the uncertainties of the struggle, marked nothing decisive in his life. The Royalist army did not face open war, nor did the Parliamentary army seek a decisive engagement. On both sides, the chief care seemed to be rather that of increasing their respective forces, as they passed through the country, collecting men and funds; and all this often interrupted by mysterious attempts to come to some settlement and pacification.

But some of the most audacious leaders on the King's side were intolerant of such delay, and a decisive action was demanded; all the more so as Parliament was neglecting no means to draw the rebel Scots and the Irish into an alliance against the King.

So, at last, after two years of skirmishing, which served only to bring to light the merits and faith of a few, and the weaknesses of the most, the two armies met on Marston Moor. The battle, at first uncertain, was transformed into a decisive victory through the intervention of Cromwell's troops, who overcame the last attempts at resistance on the part of the Royalists, and put them to flight. The war-standard of Prince Rupert, commander of the King's army, was captured and sent to London, as a trophy of victory, followed by a message from Cromwell describing the defeat of the Monarchists and containing the exultant words: "God made them as stubble to our swords."

The war, however, was not carried on only on the battlefields, but very frequently behind the leaders' backs. Cromwell, who had become too celebrated, began to give umbrage; besides, he was a severe judge of the blunders and weaknesses of others. Rewards, praises, promotions from Parliament, were showered on him, indeed, but together with these, the murmurs circulating among his colleagues,

accusing him of excessive cruelty in conducting the war, and of ill-concealed ambition, came to his ears. Cromwell paid no attention to such accusations, and, returning to London, gave the undeniable proof of his disinterestedness. He accused some of the military leaders of ineptitude, but understanding that extemporized officers were not to blame for this, he proposed a reform of the army, according to a "new model" which would allow of the dismissal of incapable generals. According to this "Self-Denying Ordinance," as it was called, voted by Parliament after a short speech by Cromwell, and a long, bitter opposition, it was decided that no member of either of the Houses could hold a military office. Through this Ordinance, which seemed strange, and which was naturally enough opposed, the Civil powers of Parliament were clearly divided from the military powers of the army. The vote approving this Ordinance was not (as happens often in assemblies) the fruit of unanimous conviction, but that of a strange convergence of various interests. Cromwell and his friends proposed and approved the Ordinance as a means of freeing the army from incapable leaders, under the pretext of the incompatibility of the tenure of military offices with a seat in either of the two Houses. Some adversaries of the Puritans, who saw in Cromwell's intransigent attitude

the absolute impossibility of a peace with the Monarchy, believed they would find in it a means of getting rid of him. The military class, finally, saw in the measure, the independence of the army and its liberation from the hesitations and dilatory proceedings of Parliament, always held back by political considerations in any decisions concerning war.

In conformity with the Ordinance, voted on December 21st, 1644, Cromwell ought to have relinquished his post in the army. But Parliament was aware what a disadvantage it would be for their forces to lose a commander who had given such proofs of ability and had gained such great prestige among the troops, and, in spite of the vote which Cromwell himself had inspired, they ordered him to remain at the head of his brigade. The army was now commanded by Fairfax who had taken the place of the Earl of Essex.

The exception made for Cromwell, caused by the will of the army, and not owing to his intrigues, as some have asserted, was meant to be temporary; but, on repeated requests of the General-in-Chief, it was prorogued several times, so that, some months later, Parliament decreed "to grant Sir Thomas Fairfax leave to appoint Oliver Cromwell to the command of the Cavalry under his order, if it so please him."

The army proved to be right. A few weeks later, on June 14th, near Naseby, the fate of King Charles was decided. The battle, which lasted a whole day, seemed to promise a great Royalist victory; already Cromwell's trustiest friend and relative, Ireton, was a prisoner, and Fairfax was yielding with his infantry; when Cromwell, arriving with his cavalry, decided the battle in favour of his party—a splendid victory, owing to the King's presence in the field, and, therefore, in its moral effect; magnificent also in its immediate consequences: 5,000 prisoners, with arms, and victuals being captured by the victors; and certainly along with the other booty, there fell into their hands precious documents which shed a strange light on the King and certain members of Parliament, who, during the bitter struggle, had never ceased to weave mysterious intrigues with the enemies of the Puritans.

This victory proved the value of Cromwell's method in organizing the army, and the rightness of the reforms which had changed its leaders, dismissing those whom he had openly censured. On the evening of the battle, he remembered he was member for Cambridge, and wrote to the Speaker of the House: "Being commanded by you to this service I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us." Then

followed a report of the battle and an encomium of the General-in-Chief, which only the malevolent have chosen to consider as hypocritical or reticent.

"The General served you with all faithfulness and honour, and the best commendation I can give him is, that I daresay he attributes all to God and would rather perish than assume to himself, which is an honest and a thriving way; and yet so much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man." [1]

The letter closes with an appeal for the gratitude of Parliament to its soldiers. "Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them."

Of himself, of the decisive part he had played in the battle, not a word is said. Some days later follows the report of Fairfax addressed to the House of Lords and House of Commons; a report in which there is no mention of Cromwell.

But, in the mysterious ways which no government has ever been able to discover, the truth travelled from the battlefields to the people of London. It was known that, though their leaders had been called by other names, the victories which had succeeded one another, on the Puritan side, were owing to Oliver Cromwell, to his indomitable courage, knowledge of

[1] Carlyle, op. cit., Vol. I.

men, incorruptible faith and organizing ability. And when, from the pulpits of the Reformed Churches, his letters and the communications to Parliament were read, the people began to acclaim the name of the Commander of the Cavalry, Oliver Cromwell. Nor could the House of Lords deny acknowledgment of the exceptional merits of the man, even though personally he was not at all liked, owing to the rudeness of his manners and his firm intransigence.

But, even in the raging of the war, even in rebellious London against which the King virtually directed his arms, the desire for peace was great and widely diffused. London was a city of commerce, and peace was a necessity for the merchants of the City. If the King, made reasonable by the severe lessons given him, let himself be induced to grant real civil and religious liberty, all, it was felt, would be glad to come to terms. Besides such pacific tendencies caused by economic interests there were others, inspired by a less intolerant dislike for Catholicism than that which heated the Puritans. All were agreed in not wanting the Roman Church, but, even in the limits of the Reformed Church, there was room for all the degrees of more or less intransigent Protestantism; and to some the Puritans seemed intolerable in their unbending attitude. Above all, the terms of the Covenant, so much more

political and democratic than religious, did not obtain the unconditional consensus of those moderate Protestants who desired the Monarchy of the Stuarts, as the guarantee of a conservative policy.

This diversity of moods in the people of London was reflected in the events of the time: it is, therefore, easy to understand the pauses in the Civil War, which allowed negotiations to be entered into between the King and his adherents in Parliament, and to comprehend how, between one battle and another, negotiations were begun also between some of the leaders of the contending parties; and, above all, how the most intransigent men, like Cromwell, felt the most unrestrained indignation at such strange vacillating conduct, and at the obscure manœuvres which were being secretly carried on, at the same time as war and massacres.

And to understand the following events, one must not forget that, by then, the position of the parties was changed; the Civil War was no longer the dissension of Parliament with the King; no longer only the two armies obeying the two parties at war with each other. Something new and greater had entered the scene—namely, the army of Parliament bearing its name and standards, which in appearance obeyed the Parliamentary Commission, elected

by the two Houses, but which had a will of its own and its own leaders, audacious and sure of their prestige, derived from an uninterrupted series of clamorous victories.

Parliament itself might oscillate between the will to carry war to extremes, and the desire for peace and compromise with the King ; but, by now, the army was so strong that the parts played by them would soon be inverted ; and from the army would emanate the orders which Parliament would have to obey. The evolution was natural. The anti-monarchic army, by now, consisted of select men, of convinced and unyielding Puritans, who had been in war for years, confronting the King as an implacable and unreliable enemy ; the army had seen the flower of England's youth fall in the bitter war ; it was impossible for it to have the same mentality as the members of Parliament, who, in the long, tranquil meetings of the two Houses, had awaited news of the struggle, and discussed how to keep the war away from the Counties and above all from London.

And, for more than a year, the commander of the cavalry, the indefatigable Oliver Cromwell, had emerged from the ranks of the army, and was now surrounded by his trustiest men, by his young sons, his son-in-law Ireton, the husband of his daughter, Bridget, and a splendid soldier ; by his friends of the Association of

the Eastern Counties, who with him, without repose, without an hour's ease, kept moving over England in search of the enemy's forces, in the hopes of bringing them to a decisive encounter. This, the people in the streets of London knew, those people whom nobody knows but who, ignored and unknown, unconsciously prepare the marvellous gift of glory for their heroes.

The defeat of Naseby had filled the souls of the King and his army with dismay.

The Civil War was not over. The remains of the army kept up a skirmishing warfare; new adherents from far and near poured in; scattered bands of troops raised the royal standard, harassing the country with raids and devastations, occupying towns and castles; but the real support of the King, the royal army, was destroyed. The forces that gathered round Charles were no longer sufficient to guarantee him from being captured at any moment by any strong group of enemies.

For more than a year and a half, however, the war went on, the Parliamentary army being constantly successful; one by one, the towns in the south which had remained faithful to the King, fell into the hands of Fairfax's men. Numerous bands of irregular troops that, under the name of "Clubmen," favoured Charles, and harassed the Parliamentary forces, were

dispersed and destroyed by Cromwell's cavalry. An attempt at a royalist revival in Scotland, headed by some audacious noblemen, miserably failed, it having been too hastily and insufficiently prepared. By now, one by one, the strongholds on which the King relied had fallen, and he felt he was lost; he wrote to his son, the Prince of Wales, advising him to escape to the continent; and accepting the advice of his intimate friends, in such extremities he, on December 4th, 1645, sent a message to the two Houses, asking for a safe conduct for four men to reopen negotiations with them. But the Houses were no longer what he had hoped. Some months before, thirty new members and lords had taken their seats after supplementary elections, in place of the Royalists who had joined the King's colours. And they were nearly all men trusted by the army, little disposed to enter into fresh negotiations with the King. The Houses, therefore, rejected the request for the safe conducts, and the royal message.

The King, however, insisted, renewing his request several times, and at last proposed to go to London himself to treat personally with Parliament, but all his proposals were rejected, as before; it being felt that Charles was but preparing some new intrigue. The partisans of the Stuarts were still too numerous in Lon-

don; they were not to be trusted, and an incident happened to show that the Houses were right in their attitude and to prove the insincerity of the King.

In a skirmish, between the Parliamentary forces and the Royalists at Sligo (October 17th, 1645), the coach of the Archbishop of Tuam was captured. In it were found documents from which it seemed that the King had formed an alliance with the Irish, in a diabolic plan, tending to the destruction of the Protestants; also that the plan was organized in accordance with the Pope by means of Rinuccini, his nuncio in Ireland. The documents were forwarded by Headquarters to Parliament and published by its orders.

After this, negotiations were impossible. After wandering from one town to another, Charles took refuge in Oxford, but there, too, arrived the troops of the enemy; the city was about to fall when he took to flight disguised as a servant. With only two companions he directed his steps to London. From Harrow Hill, in the night, he gazed on his capital asleep—he might have descended and reached his palace, and who knows? perhaps the city on awakening, might have welcomed him again. But he was afraid and turned his steps towards the North. After nine days' march, amid a thousand perils, he reached the Scottish

Headquarters[1] where he had been promised shelter, on May 3rd, 1646. But the Scots, generally, whether unjustly or not, supposed to be fond of money, and able administrators, were at that time on bad terms with Parliament, not owing to serious religious or political dissensions, but because their claims to the subsidies owing to them for their part in the Civil War had not been settled. After an attempt at mediation in which they offered the King means of being reconciled with Parliament on condition of his accepting the terms of the Covenant—an offer which the King refused—the Scots informed Parliament that if their claims were settled they would leave the country and hand over to them the King, who was now not so much a guest as a prisoner. The payment of their claims, estimated at £400,000, was voted, and a commission of three lords and six members of the House of Commons left London for the Scottish camp at Newcastle to take possession respectfully of the Sovereign's person. The Committee accompanied the King to the General-in-Chief Fairfax, who welcomed him with regal honours, and lodged him in Holmby Castle.[2]

[1] *State Papers*, I, 1.
[2] *State Papers*, I, v. Whitlock, pp. 234 *et seq.*

PARLIAMENT, victorious, must have been filled with joy at having the King in its power—really a prisoner though ostensibly a guest, under surveillance. But, unhappily, the dissensions, which in the hour of danger had been allowed to slumber, broke out again more violently than ever. Strife arose between the two currents, the more moderate one of the Presbyterians and that of the Independents. The former knew that the latter had the army with them, and against it were aimed their shafts, which maintained, however, the appearance of the most scrupulous legality.

On the other hand, the people of London were not fond of war, nor did they love the army, so that the acts directed against it provoked no public reaction, until they touched the religious and political liberty of which the people were jealous.

Cromwell's position was terribly difficult, but he, being a member of the House of Commons, was also anxious to remain within the bounds of legality. Against him, no reproach could

be uttered until he assumed the defence of the attitude of the turbulent factions beginning to assert themselves in the army. On the other hand, how could he have repudiated those men whom he loved as his most faithful comrades, and who had shared with him so many years of struggles, toil and torments?

The Houses ordered the army to encamp at not less than twenty-five miles from London, and Cromwell, approving this prudent measure, wrote to Fairfax to obey without protesting.[1] Parliament arranged to send succour to the Irish Protestants persecuted by the Catholics, but to superintend the carrying out of the

[1] To His Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of The Parliamentary Army: These.

LONDON, 19*th March*, 1646.

SIR,—

This enclosed Order I received; but, I suppose, Letters from the Committee of the Army to the effect of this are come to your hands before this time. I think it were very good that the distance of Twenty-five miles be very strictly observed, and they are to blame that have exceeded the distance, contrary to your former appointment.

This letter I received this evening from Sir William Massam, a Member of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you, his House being much within that distance of Twenty-five miles of London. I have sent the officers down, as many as I could well light on.

Not having more at present, I rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

measures, a commission was named, from which the Independents were excluded.

Cromwell in Parliament said not a word, and only in his private speeches was his bitterness revealed. It was misery, he declared to Ludlow, to serve a Parliament, for, however faithful a man might be, as soon as a lawyer accused him, he was in danger.[1] But in the ranks of the army, discontent at such orders was not suppressed: groups of officers sent petitions to Parliament, reminding it of their merits and the promises made to them. Pensions for the maimed and for the families of those who had fallen in the war were demanded, with arrears of pay; and news arrived also of mutiny among the troops.

The Houses prepared to disband the greater part of the army: the officers were alarmed at this, and sedition began to spread. Some regiments, ordered to Ireland, refused to depart. The disquieting news reached the House of Commons that endeavoured to master the situation. Cromwell, though able to understand the discontent of the army, could not publicly side with it, but his whole heart and soul were in the camp where his name was continually invoked. He realized that something very serious was about to happen. "These people," remarked he one day to Ludlow, indicating the

[1] *Memoires de Hollis*, p. 94. Guizot, H., op. cit., p. 138.

members of Parliament, " will never keep quiet until the army comes to take them by the ears, and throw them out." [1]

Words such as these, pronounced by him, caused him to be suspected by the moderate party and the peers. Obscure threats reached his ears, while the King and the Royalists, rejoicing, watched the discord dividing their enemies and hoped in a near revenge, to prepare which Charles began to weave new intrigues, keeping himself by means of the Queen and faithful friends, in constant contact with the Irish rebels, and with the scattered residue of his defeated army. In this grave crisis, in August, 1647, patriotism was, however, still the predominating feeling, stronger still than rancour or disappointment in the army, from which, indeed, proceeded the last attempt at conciliation. Cromwell and Ireton were, without doubt, the most zealous promoters of the fresh negotiations. It would be possible, they thought, to come to an agreement, if the King would consent to guarantee liberty of thought and give surety to the Protestants that there would be no return to Catholicism, and, finally, would accept such limitations to his monarchic power as were indispensable to assure the people that their constitutional liberties would no longer be interfered with.

[1] *Memoires de Ludlow*, I, p. 213.

The negotiations were carried on amid the ferment of the people of London, excited by an intense Royalist propaganda; but, at the same time, the King with a duplicity and deceit which no historian can deny, kept up his manœuvres, tending to rekindle civil war and effect an invasion of England.

The Monarch still trusted in his forces and, above all, in the dissensions of his adversaries. The effervescence in London grew greater every day. The crowds outside Parliament called for the King's return, and Charles looked forward to his approaching triumph. When Ireton, in Cromwell's presence, read to the King the ultimate proposals to which the army would agree, in order to obtain a pacification, he gave a smiling refusal. Even his closest friends among the courtiers were puzzled by his behaviour, and either considered him over bold, or supposed he had forces at his disposal of which they knew nothing. The negotiations were broken off, and the Parliamentary delegates returned to the army's headquarters. A few hours later, a procession of coaches arrived, from which descended sixty members of the two Houses: they had quitted Parliament, where their zeal for liberty and their incorrupted loyalty to their mission, had exposed them to the insults of their colleagues and to the threats of the populace. This secession gathered round

the leaders of the army the best, the most upright, of the members and, like every secession, it left Parliament in the hands of their adversaries, who, freed from all opposition, having elected members, mediocre but reliable, to the offices abandoned by the secessionists, hastened to invite the King to return to London. This hasty vote, though announced by the heralds at every street corner, could not deceive the Monarch. Other members of both Houses abandoned them, some resigning and retiring to their lands, others joining the army.

During such disorder, some daring step of the King might have changed the current of events: but, such daring came instead from the leaders of the army. They, calmly ignoring the decree which ordered the troops to keep at least at a distance of twenty-five miles from the capital, marched in parade solemnly on London, on August 6th. Austerely, in silence, they entered the city—those veterans of a seven years war, and of a hundred victories: no song, no music accompanied them. Severe as the faith which sustained them, not soldiers did they seem, but a solemn procession of armed ministers of God.

Fairfax rode in front, and Cromwell in the rear. The municipal authorities went to meet the army, to pay it homage. Many adversaries had fled; others, before such a demonstration

of force, had undergone a sudden conversion and acclaimed the General-in-Chief. The members, left in Parliament, meeting at Westminster, hastened to revoke all the measures taken, during the absence of the recessionist members. London, which three days before seemed only to be awaiting the King's unconditional return, now bent in homage before the army, come to eliminate any attempt whatsoever at reaction in favour of the monarchy, merely by the authority of its formidable presence.

The power, both civil and military, now passed completely into the hands of the Puritans. The secessionists re-entered Parliament and dominated; all public offices were assigned to reliable persons. Fairfax, the supreme head of the army, was appointed Governor of the Tower of London, a title which gave him the military government of the metropolis. The army exulted, indeed, excessively. Now the most ardent Puritans hoped in the most audacious reforms. There were rumours of an Evangelic constitution of Society, without masters or servants, without any distinction of rank. Some had visions of Utopia; and the expectation of a new divine dispensation was diffused in some of the social strata, where groups of so-called Levellers had been formed —extremists—so often the foes of the revolution which they had helped to bring about.

But such fantastic dreams did not distract the leaders from the most pressing problems. Civil war had again broken out in the North. The Scots had raised another army under their valorous leader, the Duke of Hamilton, and were marching towards England. Other centres of rebellion were formed elsewhere. Fairfax, Cromwell and Ireton were again called on to take up arms and combat without any interval of repose. Even though weakened by a serious illness, Cromwell had to resume the command of his troops. This campaign, in all its episodes, reflected the mood and physical weakness of the leader—being a dogged struggle where battle was anxiously sought for and the enemy pursued, in a state of exasperation. But the leaders of the army were well aware that their absence from London restored courage to their foes, and rekindled the hopes of the moderate party and the Royalists ; and it was necessary to act swiftly. With rapid marches, Cromwell came into contact with Hamilton's forces, the first engagement being favourable to the latter. After a few days' strenuous fighting, however, Cromwell got the better of the enemy's troops who scattered and fled, endeavouring to reach other groups of insurgents, against whom Fairfax and Lambert were fighting successfully. At London, the news of the army's fresh victories dismayed the adversaries, and nego-

tiations between the King and the members of Parliament were resumed. There were also vain attempts at spreading slanderous rumours concerning the leaders of the army. Cromwell, in the meantime, rid of Hamilton's troops and with his own forces intact, penetrated into Scotland: where one town after another yielded to him, so that on October 9th, 1648, he was able to send to the House the relation of his operations.

"All the enemy's forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament. Good elections are 'already' made in divers places, of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked engagement. . . ." [1]

By now the closest union between England and Scotland, formerly divided and inimical to each other, was formed and consecrated.

The army, with a halo of new glory, was again master of the situation. Parliament had never given up the hopes of an agreement with the King and the moderate party, but now it was realized that their cause was hopeless. News of fresh intrigues reached Headquarters. Ludlow, one of the Independent members, a man of great talent and undoubted loyalty, conscious of the new manœuvres of the Monarchists, sped from Fairfax to Cromwell, from Cromwell to Ireton, to inform them of what

[1] Carlyle, op. cit., Letter 73.

was going on ; and urged them to act so as to defend their victories and their party. In fact, a Parliamentary Commission had already re-opened negotiations with the King, and once more, an intense propaganda of hatred and calumny was poisoning the minds of the people of London, and exciting them against the leaders of the army. The negotiations were carried on, at some length, owing to the duplicity of the King, always deluded by the idea that he was the stronger ; and convinced that, in the end, his adherents would be victorious. The comedy of eighteen months before was repeated. Again the House, in the absence of the army and the most eminent members, succeeded in voting favourably to an agreement with Charles. But now, the army did not give only a military parade in London : it put an end to all hesitation ; and, on November 29th, by order of the General-in-Chief, a detachment of troops landed by night in the Isle of Wight, whither the King had fled, and took His Majesty prisoner.[1] The House of Commons was sitting when news of this reached it ; and the moderate party was filled with indignation at the step taken by the army—indignation which other

[1] The arrest of the King has been amply described by numerous historians with few variations. See Colonel Cooke, *Narrative Memoirs of Rushworth, Parliament History, Calendar of State Papers.* Guizot, op. cit., and others.

noble spirits shared, divining the danger of an uncontrolled dominion of the army. After a meeting and a discussion which lasted twenty-four hours, with a slight majority, the action of the army was disowned, and it was decided to continue the negotiations with the King. By now, conflict between Parliament and the army was inevitable. Next day, in front of the entrances to Westminster Hall, a regiment of infantry were ranged under the orders of Colonel Pride ; when the members arrived to take part in the assembly, they found armed men furnished with an order prohibiting entrance to those whose names appeared on their list.[1]

More than 100 members were thus excluded, and in this way all opposition to the will of the army was eliminated. In those days, too, Fairfax, as Governor of London, abolished the liberty of the Press by instituting the censorship.[2]

Cromwell, leaving Scotland subdued and pacified, returned that evening to London, and, the day after, took part in the meeting of Parliament where he was welcomed with great ovations and demonstrations of gratitude for his deeds in Scotland.

This act against Parliament was believed

[1] This, banishing of the members from the House, was ironically called " Pride's Purge."

[2] *Calendar of State Papers.* Domestic, 1467.

to be inspired by Cromwell. Many elements justify this hypothesis ; his speeches, his arrival the day after, his evident approval of it ; but no proof of it exists. An impartial opinion would be apt to exclude it. In the army there was a more audacious group, ever ready to reprove their leaders for their tolerant spirit and their scruples caused by attachment to legality. Without doubt to this current we must ascribe the responsibility for the *coup d'état*, in which Fairfax and Cromwell had no direct part.

THE TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF THE KING

OLIVER CROMWELL believed it was necessary that the King should be condemned to death, and executed, and he wrought to attain this end sincerely and tenaciously. No excuse, no defence avails to annul this fact. One may mourn the fall of the King, but it is impossible to deny that something ineluctable had prepared the tragedy, and it was absurd to suppose that the Puritan leaders could have chosen any other way out of their difficulties. Indeed, no other way existed.

Experience had taught the Puritans that their strength lay in the army, but that the population of the towns, the City merchants, the surviving nobles were not with them. They knew that the Civil War in which blood had been shed over the three kingdoms for seven years, would end only with the restoration of the King, or with his death. A formal deposition would not suffice, nor yet exile, as this might not only kindle an intestine war, but draw on England aggression from

abroad, either caused by self-interest or by the dynastic solidarity of some other monarch.

Cromwell and his friends, having attempted every means of arriving at a restoration of the Monarchy which should not render null and void all they had fought for, but should guarantee the liberties to save which the war had begun, realized that every hope of a settlement was hindered by the King. Illuded and obstinate, he was blind to the peril of his situation and, determined to win in everything, lost all.

So only the other way was left—the King must be got rid of. The inexorable logic of the events, not the wicked designs of a few men, led Charles to the scaffold. In these events, all the Puritan leaders took part, and along with them Cromwell. It would be unjust to ascribe to any one of them in particular a different or greater part in the responsibility of Charles's death.

The King, who had been taken first to Windsor, appeared before his judges in London on January 20th, 1648 (1649, new style). The armed escort reached Westminster about noon, with the closed sedan chair in which Charles sat. The members of the High Court of Justice, elected as his judges, awaited him in anxiety: it was still feared that a rising of the people, or a conspiracy of his partisans,

might attempt to save the King from his doom.

Cromwell witnessed the arrival of the procession and, moved, turned to his colleagues, bidding them be ready and remember they were judges in name of the "Commons in Parliament assembled" and of the "good people of England" and that such was the reply they were to give the King, should he contest their right to judge him.

For this was the real tragedy of those religious spirits for whom the Monarchy, born of a divine right, should be subject to no human judgment—a judgment which they, instead, were preparing to deliver with implacable severity.

The name of God was to be substituted by another, and the will of the people seemed then the only power to take the place of "divine right." In the vast halls of Westminster hovered, already, the spirit, forerunner of another revolution, a century and a half before it.

The Court took its seat in the hall of Parliament: the decree of the Commons by which it had been constituted was read: Bradshaw assumed the Presidency, and ordered the King to be introduced into the House.[1] Meanwhile

[1] The official account of the trial of the King is in Vol. IV of *State Trials*. The trials after the Stuart Restoration against the members of the High Court of Justice contain other information. *State Trials*, Vol. IV.

the public had been admitted and crowded the banks. The King, accompanied by his custodian, Colonel Hacker, and a numerous escort of armed men, entered and sat down on the chair prepared for him. Calmly, he gazed around on the hall and the crowd of spectators.

The President rising, addressed the King, informing him that Parliament considering him responsible for the harm inflicted on the nation and therefore liable to capital punishment, had constituted the High Court of Justice before which he then appeared, and called on him to listen to the accusations brought against him.

The public accuser, Cooke, moved as if to speak. The King, at that moment, let the cane which he was holding fall. No one moved to pick it up: he himself had to bend to do so. Mortified, he grew pale, but immediately recovered his self-possession and listened with a vague smile and a calm countenance to the act of accusation which defined him as a "tyrant, traitor and murderer." The reading of the Act over, the President turned to the King saying, "Sire, you have heard: The Court awaits your answer." The dramatic dialogue which followed was listened to in profound silence by all those present.

KING: I would know by what power I am brought here; I was not long ago in the Isle of Wight; how I

came here it is a longer story than I think fit at the present time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both Houses of Parliament with as much public faith as it is possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated herewith a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly; I cannot say but they did very nobly with me; we were on the conclusion of the treaty. Now I would know by what authority I was brought from thence and carried from place to place, and I know not what, and when I know what lawful authority, I shall answer. . . .

LORD PRESIDENT: If you had been pleased to have observed what was hinted to you by the Court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority, which authority requires you in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer them.

KING: No, Sir, I deny that.

LORD PRESIDENT: If you deny the authority of the Court, they must proceed.

KING: I do tell them so; England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for near these thousand years; therefore, let me know by what authority I am called hither: I do stand more for the Liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges; and, therefore, let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here and I will answer it; otherwise I will not answer it.

LORD PRESIDENT: Sir, how really you managed your trust is known; your way of answer is to interrogate the Court; which beseems you not in this condition. You have been told of it twice or thrice.

KING: Here is a gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbet; ask him if he did not bring me from the Isle of Wight by force. I do not come here as submitting to the Court: I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons rightly understood as any man here whatsoever.

I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a parliament, and the King too should have been. Is this the bringing of the King to his Parliament? Is this the bringing an end to the treaty in the public faith of the world? Let me see a legal authority warranted by the word of God, the Scripture, or warranted by the Constitution of the kingdom, and I will answer.

. . . . .

LORD PRESIDENT: The Court expects you should give them a final answer; their purpose is to adjourn to Monday next; if you do not satisfy yourself, though we do tell you our authority, we are satisfied with our authority, and it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's. . . .

KING: For answer let me tell you, you have shown no lawful authority to satisfy any reasonable man?

LORD PRESIDENT: That is your apprehension; we are satisfied that are your judges.

KING: It is not my apprehensions, nor yours neither, that ought to decide it.

LORD PRESIDENT: The Court hath heard you, and you are to be disposed of as they have commanded.

Turning to the guards he ordered them to remove the prisoner and suspended the trial for three days.

Two principles had clashed together in the above dialogue—that of the divine right of the Monarchy, with which many were imbued, rose against the timid utterance of a new-born force, that of the sovereign right of the people. The first skirmish seemed altogether favourable to the former, and many of those present at the tragical scene were filled with strange confusion.

The King left the Court quite calm: from the crowd, hostile cries rose against him, but there were also voices shouting, "God save the King."

On the resumption of the trial, the skirmish concerning the legality of the Court began again. Some of the members were absent. There was a certain uneasiness in the atmosphere. The public opinion was divided; the King's partisans were numerous; diplomatic steps in favour of the King had been taken by France: letters from the Queen and the Prince of Wales, addressed to the members of Parliament, to the generals, to Fairfax and to Cromwell, arrived, imploring that the King might be saved. Pamphlets and manifestos, clandestinely printed, circulating through London, moved the people. The effect of this movement spread and penetrated among the judges. At the fourth sitting, Fairfax, the supreme chief of the army, was not present and did not justify his absence. At a certain moment, the King requested to be heard again by the Houses in a plenary assembly, as he had to make proposals which he assured them concerned the country more than himself. One of the members of the High Court, Colonel Downs, while the King's request seemed about to fall unanswered, rose and turning to the President, exclaimed:

"My conscience is not easy enough to reject the prisoner's proposal. I demand that the Court retire to deliberate concerning it." The Court did retire, but as soon as they were all assembled in the Council Hall, Cromwell assailed Downs, demanding to know for what reason he, with his strange scruples, delayed the course of the trial. Downs, very calmly, replied that it might be worth while to examine the King's proposals. Cromwell lost patience, seeing in that new incident a fresh danger; he had no personal hatred for the King, but understood that prolonging the trial meant flinging the country into other hopeless struggles, into other massacres such as had been going on for years; and he sternly replied to Downs's words, saying he had no right to disturb them, knowing as he did that the King would never be brought to consent to their terms. It was not permissible to distract and hinder the court for the obstinacy of a single person. It was easy to see the reason of the manœuvre. Colonel Downs wanted to save his former master. Let them put an end to it, therefore, re-enter and do their duty.[1]

This episode, though related many years later, must have, however, taken place, and

[1] Downs himself related this episode to his judges on his trial after the Restoration. Other witnesses testify to the whole of it.

to it Oliver Cromwell owes his fame of being the most intransigent of the regicides.

But when Oliver's words were pronounced, no other conduct was possible. In any case, the proposal of Downs had been backed by an infinitesimal part of the High Court, and it was therefore rejected by a large majority. The Court then returned to the Hall, and after a long report of the President, pronounced sentence of death.

The King asked to be allowed to speak, but his request was denied: he was led out amid the insults of the soldiers, while from the crowd around arose the shout and the song, "God save the King!"

Next day, January 28th, the Dutch, French and Spanish Ambassadors endeavoured to open negotiations with Cromwell in order, at least, to have the execution delayed. Vague promises were made to them, but they understood that the fatal decision had been taken, and the execution fixed for Tuesday, January 30th. The warrant should have been signed by all the members of the High Court, but only fifty-two signatures were obtained. The strongest and most repugnant rumours were diffused concerning the scene of the writing of the warrant. Cromwell was said to have signed it, laughing wildly, and this led others to sign it, too, with macabre jokes. None of such

stories come from impartial sources and therefore cannot be believed.

Cromwell, by nature, was little given to laughter, and it must be excluded that he allowed himself to joke in such a tragic hour. He signed the warrant, firmly convinced that he was carrying out an act of justice, and along with him other fifty-two members of Parliament, military leaders and magistrates, also signed, and they in history share with him the responsibility of the act.

The warrant left Whitehall, then the headquarters of the army. Fairfax and others awaited the issue, absorbed in prayer.

Day was just breaking that winter morning when Charles was called on to rise ; he, who the day before had in tears bid his two younger sons and his daughter farewell, was now quite calm. He asked for his hairdresser, and joked with him : " It is so cold, I might tremble, and someone might think I was afraid. I don't want such a supposition to be possible."

He then prayed fervently, assisted by Juxon, the Bishop of London, and about ten, Colonel Hacker came to fetch him and conduct him to Whitehall, separated from Westminster by a park which had to be crossed. The way was lined with soldiers. The King entered Whitehall where he was led to his former room, and left again with the Bishop, who administered

the last sacrament to him. About one, Hacker knocked at the door: Charles rose, ordered the door to be opened, and followed the Colonel. The room opened into the large Banqueting Hall: at one end, the parapet had been taken from the window, transforming it into an opening, leading directly to the scaffold, raised to the same level: the King crossed the hall, between two rows of soldiers, behind whom men and women were pressing forward, weeping and praying in a low voice. On reaching the scaffold the King looked around. A crowd of people had been expected on the scaffold, and instead there were only soldiers there, the crowd being below. He then turned to the Bishop and to Tomlinson, the faithful commander of the Royal Guards, who was near him, saying to them the few words he would have liked to say to the people—futile words, repeating his obstinate conception of an absolute monarchy of his divine right—a conception for which he was about to die. Then, firmly, serenely, without a shiver, he himself giving the sign to the executioner when he was to strike the fatal blow, Charles Stuart was beheaded.

The troops, at once, left the square, separating and taking different directions, in order to disperse any dangerous assemblies of people. The body of the King was placed in a coffin;

Cromwell desired to see it; pensively standing before the mutilated body, he is said by many to have raised the head and to have looked at it long. The King was given a decorous funeral, austere and solemn, his faithful servants being allowed to take part in it. In the dead monarch's rooms at Whitehall there only remained some little tawny spaniels, very dear to him, that for many days mourned for their lost friend, with their eyes full of tears. On the race of these dogs, because of their tears, was bestowed the name of *King Charles*.

On the very day of the execution, the House of Commons emitted a decree declaring traitors to their country whoever proclaimed Charles Stuart, commonly called the Prince of Wales, or any other, for whatsoever reason, successor of Charles I.

On February 16th, the abolition of the House of Lords was voted, and, the day after, that the function of the King having been proved by experience and declared by the House to be useless, costly and dangerous for the liberty, safety and welfare of the people, such function was consequently from that day abolished. The new State seal bore no royal arms, but the date, 1*st year of Liberty, restored by the blessing of God*, 1648. So ends the first act of the drama of the Revolution in England.

England had ceased to be a Monarchy; it was virtually a republic without a constitution. All powers were centred in an assembly which delegated to some of its members the execution of its deliberations. The executive power was, in fact, bestowed on a Council of State of thirty-three members, who were to remain in office for a year from their appointment. To form part of the first Council were called the chiefs of the army, Fairfax, Cromwell, Skippon, Ludlow; the chief members of the magistracy, with Bradshaw the President of the High Court of Justice, and the most celebrated of the Puritan members of the two Houses.

The fatal vicissitudes of human affairs at once obliged the new government which issued from a struggle against tyranny and for liberty, to decree at once more severe and ferocious restrictions. Trials and sentences of death marked the beginning of the activities of the Council of State. On the other hand, the situation was still very difficult. The Royalists were not destroyed and were preparing revenge, while, in the ranks of the army, an extremist movement, with a social significance, began to emerge, accepting the propaganda of the Levellers, and protesting against Government, which did not effect that programme of liberty and equality which its members had proclaimed for so many years.

In the meanwhile, another rebellion was brewing in Scotland, and an assembly of Royalists had proclaimed the Prince of Wales King, under the title of Charles II.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

CROMWELL was fifty years of age, when, with the King's tragedy, the first phase of the British Revolution came to an end; and, if the rest of his brief life had not raised him to the heights of supreme power, history would have confused his name with those of the various commanders and members of Parliament who, as figures in the background, took part in the events of the times.

Victor Hugo, in the sonorous vacuity of some of his historical definitions, may write, that to become King was for Cromwell "le première rêve de son enfance," [1] and Voltaire, with the wit of a libertine author of the eighteenth century in France, find that the ambitious plan of Oliver was arranged in the alcoves of the obliging wives of the generals, his colleagues,[2]

[1] Preface to the tragedy *Cromwell.*

[2] A long, fantastic story of the amours of Cromwell with General Lambert's wife is also found in Gregorio Leti's book, *History and Memoirs of O. C., a tyrant without vices and a Prince without virtues.* Amsterdam, 1692. Like all the tales about him, this book deserves no credit. Leti was historiographer at the Court of Charles II, and naturally collected all the gossip that would damage the reputation of Cromwell.

but the truth, emerging from the genuine sources of history, is, indeed, quite different.

Oliver Cromwell, at fifty, was not a pre-eminent figure in his country. None of the offices of an absolute head had ever been granted him. The army was commanded first by Essex, then by Fairfax; the High Court of Justice was presided over by Bradshaw; his posts were important, but always on a second plane; his military successes, courage, honesty, and disinterestedness formed around his name an aureole of respect and admiration, which was diffused through the army and the population; while, at the same time, the harshness of his ways, his intransigence, so often rigid even in form, roused up against him hatred and dislike.

In him, it was felt, there was a certain faith, a sure strength; this man who asked for nothing, who gave away what was given to him, who lived austerely, bound to his family with ties of infinite tenderness; who in the hardest hours of the struggle found time to take interest in the marriages of his sons and daughters, and in the health of his aged mother, writing to them long, affectionate letters full of minute details, might have been loved and idolized by the multitude; instead, he seems to have constantly avoided every occasion of obtaining its applause. Astuteness, assert some historians; if uprightness is astuteness in politics, then

Cromwell's was, indeed, astuteness of the finest. In his life, till then, there was absolutely nothing but was clear and plain—it was the surrendering of himself to a cause. Seven years of war had brought him promotion from Colonel to Lieutenant-General, and gifts of money, which he at once gave up for the good of the army or his party. It was not much, but perhaps he was not aware of his greatest acquisition—that is, the fame of a man to be trusted, and of a great commander—the fame which would cause his name to be again invoked in the hour of danger.

And then, after fresh victories and new glory, what had never been dreamt of before perhaps, flashed before his mind, for power exercises on man an evil fascination like that of a drug which, being tried, ends by exciting an irresistible, passionate desire.

The hour of danger was not far off. Ireland was once more in arms. The Catholics in the island were numerous, and were bound to the Court of Rome with obscure ties. The information which arrived was desperate. The garrison, left there by Parliament, was besieged in Dublin and was on the point of surrendering. Civil war was devastating towns and country with unheard-of ferocity; rather than a war, it was an extermination which had reduced whole districts to a state of desolation.

The army was ordered to keep ready for departure; but it was torn by dissension; sedition broke out, in come cases very seriously. The Government of the House of Commons had already enemies in its own ranks, and the old implacable foes stirred up the flames in spite of the reaction and the exceptional laws. Cromwell was entrusted with the restoring of order and succeeded in doing so, but through a sanguinary repression. The rebels, the promoters of mutiny, were punished without mercy; the firing of the platoons of execution was heard even in the London squares. In a few weeks the menacing turbulence of the army had subsided, and Cromwell, appointed head of the expedition, was ordered to Ireland. That campaign, the first in which the supreme command was held by him, was characterized by a ferocity unparalleled in all the civil war that had preceded it.

Cromwell was still on his way when news arrived that Jones, commander of the Puritan forces in Ireland, in a successful sally from Dublin, had inflicted severe losses on the rebel army, commanded by the Marquis of Ormond. Cromwell, himself, sent out the announcement of the victory in letters to his friends and to his daughter, Dorothy, while still on his voyage.[1]

On August 15th he reached Dublin, the siege being then raised, and was welcomed

[1] Carlyle's Letters 100, 101, 102, op. cit.

by the population and by Jones's forces with great enthusiasm. But Cromwell realized, at once, that the situation was extremely serious; excepting Dublin and Derry, the whole of Ireland was in the rebels' hands. Divided by religion, broken up into sects, the population was, however, united in the common hatred against the Government of the regicides in London, and their leader, Ormond, was tenacious. Bands of insurgents passed through the country, devastating, burning, robbing and violating. Those among the population who had remained neutral, and called for peace and tranquillity, were fined, banished, massacred. Such was the situation, as Cromwell found it, on his arrival in Ireland. Formidable energy was necessary; he resolved to be more than strong and was terrible.

He himself directed the various operations, taking part in them and exposing his own person to danger. The first reports he sent, addressed to Bradshaw, President of the Council of State, were announcements of victories and massacres. He made no mystery of it. Tredale, a city defended by 3,000 men, had been taken:

"Being then entered, we refused them quarter, having the day before summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of defenders. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives." [1]

[1] Carlyle, Letter 98.

So runs the report, which concludes with thanksgiving to God, and the hope that the bitter example may "spare much effusion of blood." The few survivors were deported to the Barbadoes.

The massacres, however, continued. At Mule-Mount two thousand men were entrenched: Cromwell arrived, and wrote, informing the Speaker of the results:

"Our men . . . were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town: and, I think, that night, they put to the sword about 2,000 men." [1]

The cruelty of such measures leaves him perfectly calm.

"I am persuaded," he writes, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches who have imbued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret." [2]

The reports close with a request for reinforcements, and, sometimes, with recommendations on behalf of the families of officers slain in the operations.

Cromwell's terrible march proceeded, the cruelty of his proceedings ceasing to be exercised as an example, and becoming a method of warfare. Perhaps it was difficult for the

[1] Carlyle, Letter 99. [2] *Ibid.*

General who had thrown his troops forward, exhorting, indeed commanding them to exterminate their foes, to hold them back later, and accustom them to humane and more civilized methods of war. It is, perhaps, more probable that Cromwell was anxious to bring his expedition in Ireland to an end as soon as possible. Such an hypothesis explains, more than any psychological research, the extremely violent character of this campaign; in four weeks he fought on a front of ninety miles at Dublin, Tredale, Drogheda and Wexford, transporting successively his camps, artillery and victuals.

At Wexford, negotiations for the surrender of the city lasted five days, but they failed; during the preparations for the assault, the treachery of one of the leaders of the besieged enabled Cromwell's troops to enter the town. It is easy to understand what happened when we read that Cromwell himself considered it as a judgment of God on the town, guilty of having persecuted the Protestants most atrociously. Men, armed or unarmed, women and children, were all massacred. Cromwell's report does not say so plainly, but lets it be understood clearly and tragically: "They put to the sword all that fell into their hands."

The town was left so deserted that "it were to be wished that an honest people would come and plant here: where are very good houses,

and other accommodations." After such a terrible example, other towns surrendered and the war died out, owing also to the severe winter which was drawing near.

The letters which arrived in London were read aloud in the House of Commons and then printed and distributed. The people applauded the General and expressed approval of the massacres of the enemy. The poet, Milton, Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State, wrote sonnets [1] on the events, and replied with an unfortunate composition called the "Eikonoclastes" to a clandestine pamphlet in praise of Charles.

Cromwell was still in Ireland, but every danger had now disappeared. All the towns were occupied by his army and securely garrisoned. The people, who had escaped the massacres, recovered their tranquillity through the legislative measures which restored the tillers to their fields, and peace to commerce.[2]

Against the General, atrocious publications, inspired by Catholics, were spread abroad, and, in them, the massacres were remembered and described. Cromwell published a lengthy, prolix declaration, full of obscure theological digressions, to justify his works.

[1] Milton's sonnet to Cromwell is really dated 1652.—*Note of Translator.*

[2] Report to Speaker of the House, October 14th, 1649, in *Calendar of State Papers* and in Carlyle, op. cit., No. 101.

His defence convinced no one; the Irish campaign remained what it was—a frightful page of European history. Ireland was subdued; the blood shed may have hindered its separation from England, but the extermination, wrought by Cromwell's troops in the unhappy land, left an inheritance of inextinguishable hatred; and on the so glorious Puritan army a shadow of infamy was cast from which it will never be freed.

Cromwell, leaving the Government of Ireland to his son-in-law, Ireton, returned to London. The Council of State prepared a solemn welcome for him. After nine months' absence, in which a terrible war had been carried out to the end, he reached London on May 31st, 1651, amid acclamations of triumph. The Lord-General Fairfax, the entire Council of State, the members of Parliament and an immense crowd awaited him with demonstrations of enthusiasm. Some one remarked to him: "What a crowd has gathered to witness your triumph." "Yes," Cromwell replied, "but how much greater would it be were they here to see me hanged."

Was this but a cynical phrase of the man who had witnessed the mutability of the crowd, now imprecating against the King, now weeping over his calamities; at one moment clamouring for war, at another invoking peace; now acclaiming, then cursing Parliament? Or

was it not rather uttered by Cromwell to himself, like the liturgical "memento homo"? For the first time, he was feeling the intoxication of triumph; after twenty years of complete devotion to his cause, of sufferings, delusions and modest satisfactions, he was listening to the acclamations of the crowd ascending to him, along with the salvos of artillery fired in his honour; for the first time, in the festive lights of the faint London Spring, he was being thrilled by the intimation of the greatness to which he had attained.

The Puritan, the man of religion, for whom all vanity was sin, all ambition transgression, feeling he was the man of most importance in his country, perhaps meant, with that expression of Christian mortification, to scourge the pride springing to life within him.

Cromwell's return was anxiously awaited by the Government, as new troubles were brewing in Scotland.

Another civil war was inevitable, and it was evident that it would present difficulties also from a moral point of view. Some historians have deliberately distorted the events of this war, because no justification is so difficult as that of the Government in London of its war in Scotland. It requires the free and easy partisanship of Carlyle to reduce its importance

to the episode of a rebellion, we scarcely know whether more ingenuous or ridiculous. The matter is very different, indeed ; in the Scottish war, the English revolution denies its own principles ; its men pull down the whole edifice constructed in a twenty years' struggle. Only one thing can make the conduct of London logic—namely, fear. History takes too little account of this—one of the strongest of human sentiments.

The Scottish reformers were logical. The King, who had always rejected the religious and constitutional pact contained in the principles of the Covenant, being dead, the heir to the throne, Charles II, might very well be different from his father and come to an agreement which would restore peace to the land. They ought to have remembered that the Covenant had never eliminated the idea of the existence of a head of the triple monarchy of England, Ireland and Scotland. When Charles II, already an exile in Holland, accepted the Covenant without reservation, whether sincerely or not, the rebels were no longer the Scots, but those who, following the Government in London, declared against the monarchy now reconciled with the people. And the London Parliament that had always shown itself ready to accept an agreement with the monarchy, and, therefore, had ascribed to Charles I alone the blame of not coming to a

pacification, found itself in a very strange position towards the young King, who had made no difficulty in accepting the constitutional terms.

Many of the heads of the new *régime* in London felt this moral uneasiness. And it was evident that General Fairfax would refuse to be at the head of the expedition when it was a question of appointing a commander. Indeed, no war had ever seemed more fratricidal. In Ireland, it had been a question of repressing a series of rebellions in which anarchy and Catholicism, superstitution and separatism converged ; but, in Scotland, it was the friends of yesterday, the allies or rather the precursors of the revolution who, having come to terms with the new King, were desirous of re-establishing legality in the country, who were to be fought against.

If the scruples of Fairfax were not shared by the others, it was because the new *régime* was afraid. Between it and the monarchy loomed a fearful shade—that of the beheaded King.

How could they not fear the just revenge of his son, and not imagine that Charles II, reaching London in triumph, even after having accepted the terms of the Covenant, would demand that account should be rendered for the slaying of his parent ? And would not the adherents of the Monarchy, defeated in so

many battles, persecuted, despoiled and exiled, return also and demand justice ?

Such, no doubt, were the thoughts of the members of Government, and, for the sake of their own safety, forgetting they had fought in the name of the Covenant, that in that name they had subdued all their enemies, and condemned their King to death, they overcame the scruples rising in some of them and consented to a war meant to destroy the Scots who, under the same banner, were now marching against them.

This war with Scotland was the war of Fear against the return of the Monarchy and its revenge.

Cromwell insisted perseveringly for days and days that Fairfax should assume the command of the expedition, but in vain. Oliver himself, without doubt, felt the weight of responsibility and anxiety for this new war. He was weary, too, and was longing to share for a time the life of his family, to look after his children and especially Richard, who gave signs of not being very staid ; his daughters had already made him a grandfather, and his aged mother was living, troubled in the midst of such turbulence ; the memories of the horrors of the Irish war still embittered him, and his youngest daughter did not even conceal from him the distress she felt at the

ferocity he had been guilty of; besides, after so many victories which had brought him glory and triumph, fate might, after all, change.

But Fairfax did not yield and only Cromwell could take his place.

Ireton was in Ireland, Jones, the conqueror of Dublin, had died of an illness a few months before, the other generals did not possess prestige enough to lead an army against that of the twenty-year-old King . . . and, therefore, he left for the last civil war.

The adversary's strength was undermined by the very nature of the war. The Presbyterians, who had first risen in arms against Charles I, had been hastily reconciled with the King and the Royalists; and in the files of the Scottish army were many of those who had fought along with Cromwell, and had contributed to his victory. The war, therefore, was painful and obstinate . . . it was the last card to be played against the victorious revolution. On June 26th, 1650, the Act was passed appointing "That Oliver Cromwell Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised, or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England." Three days later he left London for the North. His fame preceded him into Scotland and spread terror among the population.

For two months, the campaign in Scotland was little more than an exchange of theological messages between the two sides: curious documents in which the leaders of the armies endeavoured with quotations from the Bible to justify their strife; meanwhile, they devoted their energy to collecting forces which gradually increased to an immense number, without, however, hastening a decisive attack, as hopes were still entertained of ending the conflict through negotiations for peace.

But Cromwell was impatient to have the matter decided on the battle-field. The clash took place near Dunbar—one of the feats of arms which best reveal the audacity of the leader, the courage and quality of his men. The English army consisted of no more than 11,000 men, the Scottish army of more than double that number. We have a description of this battle from an Italian historian who may have been present at it—Count Maggiolino Bisaccioni, who, in his *History of the Civil Wars in Recent Times*, writes as follows:

"Where force did not avail, Cromwell used art. He feigned, therefore, to retreat towards the port of Dunbar, owing to want of victuals—a retreat which seemed natural, as if he, tired and despairing of this Scottish expedition, wished to return to England. The Scots, credulous, left their posts to assail the English on the road; and attacked them fiercely when they were close to Dunbar.

"The rearguard having reached a favourable position,

faced about and, along with it, the whole body of the army ; and the battle, so carefully avoided by the Scots, was engaged. The action was brief, and cost the Scots much blood, being most fortunate, instead, for Cromwell, as more than 3,000 Scots were left dead on the field, while 8,000 were taken prisoners. They lost thirty-two pieces of artillery and all their baggage : the defeat was caused by the infantry, who, frightened by the furious assault of the cavalry, threw down their arms and took to most cowardly flight."

The defeat of Dunbar opened the gates of Edinburgh to the victor ; towards the middle of September, Cromwell entered the capital, fixing there his headquarters, and there he lay ill for several weeks, a prey to fever.

King Charles II did not seem excessively upset by this defeat, as till then the war had been directed by the Presbyterians, only recently reconciled to him and by him cordially detested : consequently, he hoped that the struggle, thenceforward, would be carried on by the most faithful of his Royalist friends, and by Generals chosen by himself. They, in the meantime, had the ceremony of his coronation solemnly performed, at Scone, on January 1st, 1651.

London exulted at the news of the victory and celebrated Cromwell with ceremonies, awards and other honours which he constantly refused.

In spring, the Scottish army was reorganized

under the command of Hamilton and Leslie: King Charles II appeared himself among the soldiers; Cromwell, who had recovered from his illness, was determined to put an end to the war: his plan was most audacious—to cut, namely, the enemy's forces off from the sea, oblige them to turn to the south and cross the border, prepare forces in England to engage them in battle, then attack them himself in the rear.

The plan succeeded marvellously: Charles II supposed the route to England to be quite, or almost, free, and marched towards the south: Cromwell, leaving 7,000 men in Scotland under Monk, ordered Lambert forward, with a body of cavalry, in pursuit of the Royalist army; commanding him not to engage in battle. Charles felt sure now that he was marching towards victory, while in London it was feared that Cromwell's audacity might cause a catastrophe. But Cromwell reassured Parliament: in fact, Charles entered Worcester, where he was welcomed as a conqueror, and was preparing his defences when Lambert's cavalry suddenly gave the assault.

The surprise obtained the desired result: the army, enclosed in the town, was unable to defend itself efficaciously for want of space; Cromwell, in the meantime, having followed Lambert at a few marches' distance, arrived

with 40,000 men, and took Worcester by storm. The Scottish army was put out of existence, and with it ended the last civil war. This took place on September 3rd, 1651; exactly a year after the battle of Dunbar.

Worcester, a clarion of victory! A fugitive King whom rumour asserts to be dead; thousands of prisoners; innumerable the fallen, and among them the flower of the Royalist nobility! At the street-corners in London, in that September night, all kinds of rumours might be heard—names, presentiments, prophesyings. At Worcester, the tomb of another sovereign had been opened—that of Monarchy itself.

"Charles II is dead!" "No, he took refuge in the Countess of Hereford's Castle, then killed himself."

"Not at all: he has escaped to Holland."

"What matters it? Whether dead or alive, he is done for, and with him the Monarchy of the Stuarts."

"The Duke of Hamilton is dead, the Earl of Rothes, and twenty-five peers."

So did items of news and comments cross and contradict one another according to the expectations and hopes of the people. Parliament was sitting permanently, as sure now of victory, as uneasy before at the apparently excessive audacity of the General. Cromwell's

report reached London on September 8th. Arid in its theological form it yet sounded like a triumphal march. Addressed to the Speaker of the House it said: "I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for his people. . . ." What modesty he shows in not even mentioning his own part in the victory! Further on, it is true, he does not forget to state that "it had been very stiff work," but attributes all the glory to God and hopes thanksgiving will be rendered to Him with all due solemnity.

After such public thanksgiving, London anxiously awaited its victorious General; awaited him, longing to be sssured that the incubus of civil war was over, that victory was certain, that no revenge was to be taken against the rebellious and regicide city.

Parliament, interpreting the will of the people, proud of the victory—the fears that still divided them on the eve of the battle of Worcester being banished—voted that triumphal honours should be paid to the victor.

The entire Parliament, with the Speaker at its head, along with the councillors and magistrates went to meet him in state, at the gates of the city.

It was a real triumph. On horseback, passing through the acclaiming crowd, with his

generals on each side, followed by a long train of Scottish and English prisoners, wounded, suffering and disarmed, humble in their garb of defeated warriors, Oliver passed through the city.

That day, he thought the city was, by then, his own; that to him alone, after God, the merit of the victory was to be ascribed; that the people and members of Parliament, some from faith, others from servility, would yield supinely to his will; this man, so rough and harsh in the bitter adversities of war, understood how, through affability and cajolement used in the hour of triumph, his enemies of yesterday might become his friends of to-day, the more zealously, the greater had been their servility before; that others would follow him out of weakness of character, desire of enjoyment, fear of vengeance. And he persuaded himself that no longer was there any one left to hinder him in his ascent. Was this not marked for him by the two rows of people dividing, amid acclamations, to allow his tall steed to proceed, its hoofs resounding on the pavement of the streets which he passed through, and from which he caught a glimpse from afar of his goal, the towers of Westminster, and Whitehall, where the Court had formerly had its residence, and where the Crown of the Stuarts lay intact in its casket.

Untamable Ireland being subdued, Scotland, the King's last hope and refuge, now crushed, the republic was secure—a new name this which recalled ancient and obscure times, and the remote nations of Italy and Greece; a name strange to the old Celtic and Saxon races, who had only acknowledged Kings and dreaded Chiefs, struggling with one another for the possession of a castle or a district. But the name now was popular; it was used by those curious men, half-merchants in search of business, half-ambassadors in search of news, sent by the maritime cities of the Mediterranean, Genoa and Venice; republican they, too, but in which the people elected a chief, a doge or a condottiere, who ruled over everything and all.

In the assembly of magnates, met to welcome the victor, also those ambassadors were present, somewhat dismayed by such convulsions and vicissitudes, their mission being still unaccomplished, and they fearful of being compromised, did they consider this or that authority legitimate.

Having gone to welcome Cromwell, they expressed to him their joy at the victory obtained; a return to former times seemed now impossible, and thus they could summon up courage and declare that they were happy to know that the Commonwealth of England was, at last, tranquil and victorious.

The name, Republic or Commonwealth, spread and gained ground. The Kingdom of the Stuarts having vanished, the English Commonwealth was born, but would, in any case, require a government and a head.

With his large head bent, Cromwell rode slowly on amid the acclamations of the people, looking down on his companions at his side. Which of them was able to rule? Not the old Speaker of the House, so unwarlike and so prolix. Not General Fairfax, valorous indeed, but who had been kept from fighting the Scots by strange scruples and the influence of women; not this one, because he was contrary to war; nor that one, because allied with Royalists through marriage. And yet, thought Cromwell, the Commonwealth required a head—and he had been victorious in three wars; the only leader who had never known defeat.

Meanwhile, the procession reached Westminster to render thanks to the Lord of Hosts, who alone had given them the victory.

And Cromwell, alighting from his horse, and taking his plumed hat from his closely-shaven head, fell on his knees before the door, giving himself up to prayer with intense fervour and profound humility.

PART II

CROMWELL

CROMWELL AND BERNARDI

According to Walter Scott, the prestige of London had never been so great as in those days.

Once more, the attention of Europe was directed to London, where events of such magnitude were taking place and whence might be spread abroad germs which would influence the destinies also of other nations. Notwithstanding the times, and the scanty means of communication, the news of the revolution spread rapidly and widely, finding an echo everywhere.

England had thrown down a monarchy, not through Court intrigues, not through the envy of the nobles, nor yet owing to the ambition of some pretender in a disputed succession, but by the will of the people, by the victory of citizens and merchants. Attempts, by then become legendary, had been seen elsewhere, of nations rising against the monarchy, and even defeating it for a time ; but such victories had been local and ephemeral, in no way comparable to the English civil war, fought in the open field for years and years, and ending in

the complete indisputable triumph of the people over the King.

Everywhere, curiosity was roused along with an ill-concealed sense of uneasiness as to the future attitude of the new Commonwealth, which was preparing not only a home policy founded on force, but also a daring foreign policy.

Ambassadors, spies, official or secret representatives of the various dynastic interests of the rival European fleets, of commercial houses in the whole of Europe, had all hastened to London.

They carefully observed what went on, sending information of all to their superiors, and endeavoured to penetrate into the secrets of the projects which were being planned, keeping a watchful eye on one another. Among them were able and astute men, others mediocre or quite insignificant, some Catholics, others Protestants, some audacious, others timorous, but all eager to form part of the crowd in the ante-rooms of the new Government, and to be presented, known, remembered and assisted.

Among those remembered in history as messengers of peace or war, offering alliance or uttering threats, or as favourers of intrigues, there was one, unmentioned in history, the representative of a small, weak and distant republic, though formerly strong and dreaded ;

one less than a diplomat, but whom all the diplomats envied for the ease with which all doors were opened to him. This was Francesco Bernardi, a Genoese, and a friend of Cromwell's.[1]

He was a banker, belonging to a rich Ligurian family. His father, Filippo, who had returned to his own country after having been consul in London, kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with him, also on business affairs, until his death in 1657. Francesco, in London, carried on without doubt a banking business, which explains his extraordinary intimacy with

[1] Bernardi, in his letters, refers to his " hintrinsichezza " or intimacy with Cromwell, and often mentions this when exhorting his Government to avail itself in case of need of such a fortunate circumstance (Letters, 28th July, 1653, and 6th January, 1654. Prayer Collection, Nos. 26 and 44).

Bernardi, when visiting Cromwell, seizes every occasion to speak to him of the interests of Genoa, doing his best to eliminate any misunderstanding, and thwart the intrigues of his enemies, in which he succeeds. Cromwell, on his side, neglects no opportunity of showing deference to Bernardi. On New Year's Day, along with his good wishes, he sends him " to the sound of drums and trumpets " a couple of very fine deer, elegantly adorned (Letter 127, Prayer Collection, January 17th, 1656).

Bernardi feeling ill in August, 1657, when Cromwell was at the height of his power, the proofs of friendship between the two become most significant as is seen from Letter 188a of August 27th in Prayer Collection. " I have received special favours from His Highness and his surgeons as well as visits from him."

the members of the English aristocracy. The revolution and the war, with the terrible taxation caused by them, the commercial crisis of which London was a victim in the most acute period of the revolution, and finally the flight of several of Bernardi's debtors, who were Royalists, certainly reduced his wealth. It is not surprising, therefore, that he, burdened with a numerous family (he had eight children), often begged assistance from the Republic of Genoa, which, ever parsimonious, was reluctant to compensate Bernardi for his work as a legate or resident in England, where he lived from October 1651 to 1665.

Bernardi has a decided liking for Cromwell, of whom in all his correspondence he expresses not a single word of blame—a sincere liking, which cannot be attributed to prudence or self-interest. It suffices, to prove this, to remember the words in which he in a letter announces Cromwell's death to Genoa.

"I am obliged to give you the worst news I have ever given you since I have been serving you—that of the death of your sincere friend, the most illustrious Oliver Cromwell, Protector." And further on: "I shall only say that even his enemies have a just cause for mourning, as has the world, deprived of such a magnanimous and generous spirit."

Yet his liking never causes him to conceal

the truth, nor above all, does it allow him to put anything before what he considers his duty as a Genoese diplomat.

His position as representative is really very modest, he being a sort of *chargé d'affaires*. When Genoa has serious matters to treat, she will send Ugo Fiesco, her extraordinary ambassador, but that does not mean that the mission of this splendid envoy was of great advantage to the Genoese Republic. Fiesco himself realizes that his presence in London is inopportune, and makes Spain uneasy ; he, therefore, writes that it is advisable for him to return, all the more as :

> " Your most illustrious Lordships have an advantage enjoyed by no other Prince ; namely, that of having another Minister, the agent Bernardi, so intimate with His Highness, that, every hour, he will be informed of his intentions, and you will therefore, without the appearance of an ambassador, be able to take your measures better in any matters that may have to be treated."

The testimony of Fiesco is beyond suspicion, and confirms the friendship between Cromwell and Bernardi ; indeed, all the policy of the subtle Genoese is based on this advantageous, personal position of his—a policy which, in its audacity and freedom in taking the initiative, often rouses alarm and anxiety in the rulers of the Republic ; Genoa being in a most difficult position, Spain, powerful and menacing, being

settled in Italy as mistress, and she for political, religious and economical reasons being an enemy to England and to Cromwell. The King of Spain looked with suspicion on every attitude which revealed any cordiality in the relations between London and Genoa. The latter could not quarrel with Spain without the risk of losing her independence, nor could she offend England, the ever more despotic mistress of the seas, who guaranteed that the Genoese merchantmen, the source of the Republic's wealth, should unimpeded carry on their traffic on those seas.

Bernardi, in London, having no precise instructions, has one straight line to follow in his policy—namely, make his country sure of Cromwell's friendship and obtain for the Genoese merchants and citizens the goodwill and protection of England. And in this, Bernardi shows marvellous prudence, constancy and astuteness. On every occasion, at every moment, the dictator is reminded of Genoa: Genoa is never absent from him. With his scanty means, with neither splendour, title nor office, Bernardi avails himself of his personal friendship to speak proudly in the name of Genoa as from equal to equal, along with the ambassadors of France, Spain, Holland, Venice and Florence. His zeal even occasionally perturbs the Genoese Government, fearful lest the suspicious eyes of Spain

should consider the friendship with England too close. The eternal play of diplomatic deception is interwoven in the letters exchanged between Genoa and London. It is necessary to be friends—but without letting it be seen. When Bernardi goes to see the Lord Protector and to congratulate him on his appointment to his high office, the Serenissimi of the Republic, after deliberation, resolve to reprove him.

But Bernardi will continue the same policy, which does not really displease Genoa, though it does not please Madrid.

On Cromwell's return to London, after the victory of Worcester, Bernardi at once endeavours to get into contact with him, as in him he understands all the powers of the State will soon be concentrated. Other ambassadors may be satisfied with being admitted to the presence of eminent state officials, or members of Parliament, but Bernardi writes that it is advisable to wait rather than give up the solemn audience which has been promised him. On his side, the Spanish Ambassador, at once initiates a campaign against Bernardi, in order to humiliate in him the Republic of Genoa ; and, indeed, succeeds in this, by having the audience of the Genoese deferred, through the complicity of the Master of Ceremonies and other officials. But Bernardi, though irritated at this, manages to

overcome every obstacle, and, while the others carry on their intrigues in the ante-rooms, he is able to announce to his Government, only a few days later, that he had been Cromwell's guest at a very intimate dinner-party, at which only the Lord-General's wife and his daughter, General Ireton's wife, had been present.

The ice was broken, and Bernardi's first diplomatic victory was won. At Genoa, however, Cromwell's power being consolidated, it was considered advisable to enter into closer relations with him, and it was decided to send a formal embassy to London, headed by Ugo Fiesco. This project irritated Spain, and the Spanish Ambassador invented a diabolical plan to hinder it. Availing himself of a Genoese friend, a certain Giacomo Arifosso, he got him to write a letter to Genoa in which the idea of Fiesco's embassy was mentioned as one which would be a complete failure in London, where only contempt and insults awaited it.

How Bernardi managed to have the letter intercepted, and how he discovered in it the hand of Spain, we do not know. What is certain is that the epistle did not reach its destination, and he was able to give information of the intrigue and frustrate it. Meanwhile, regular diplomatic credentials were given to Bernardi which he presented to Cromwell, with

whom he was already on a familiar footing and visited frequently in a private form, the cordial terms between the two being of great advantage to the Republic of Genoa. For example, in the documents of 1655, we find the negotiations carried out by Bernardi to obtain passports for two armed vessels that the Genoese had purchased in England. Those passports were generally granted on security being given which guaranteed the English Admiralty of the destination of the ships, and gave the assurance that they were not to be acquired by England's enemies or used for contraband of war. Bernardi, on his word alone, was exempted by Cromwell from providing such security. The year 1655 was a year of intense activity. The naval war against Holland was at its height, and the diplomatic incidents which followed one another were such as to put to the test the ability and energy of the Genoese representative.

Now it was a question of goods, confiscated as contraband of war, which had to be freed; now, an English captain who had captured and sold as slaves to the Turks twelve Genoese sailors. Bernardi neglected nothing. Perseveringly, he demanded and obtained justice, never renouncing anything where it was a question of right or of the dignity of his country. Meanwhile, at the end of 1654, Cromwell assumed an almost royal dignity under the title of Lord

Protector; virtually, all power was concentrated in him, even though, apparently, a Council directed, along with him, the affairs of the State.

Bernardi, who had never doubted of the stability of the *régime*, was greatly pleased and, privately, was among the first to congratulate Cromwell on his assumption to his supreme dignity. He wrote at once to Genoa, enclosing the draft of an address to be sent to London, considering that his visit " as a friend " did not exempt his Government from an official message. The rulers of the Republic were embarrassed, and were in no haste to reply. So a month passed without the address or instructions to Bernardi arriving. He, however, was not a man to let himself be disconcerted. When Cromwell gave a formal audience to the Ambassadors of Spain, France and Holland—to the entire diplomatic corps, in short—he was present at the reception and read a most able speech, in which reminiscences and personal matters served as a pretext to confirm the cordiality of the relations between Genoa and London. Cromwell replied to Bernardi in a formal speech which, though bombastic, did not fail to show the dictator's satisfaction, and his intention of maintaining friendly terms with the Republic of Genoa.

This speech, naturally, made the rulers of the

Republic still more uneasy; their diplomatic representative was showing too much independence in the initiatives taken. To their observations, Bernardi replied curtly, though respectfully, that one must not go to Princes only when one has need of them, and that it would have been a mistake to postpone the visit of homage too long, seeing that the other ambassadors had paid it at once. In the meantime, at Genoa, preparations were being made for the extraordinary embassy entrusted to Ugo Fiesco, and Bernardi for several months endeavoured to influence the environment so that the Genoese ambassador should have a reception worthy of him. In this, he was completely successful, notwithstanding the many difficulties to be overcome, owing especially to the watchfulness and intrigues of Spain. Fiesco was welcomed with regal honours, and during all the time of his sojourn in London, had continual proofs of Cromwell's deference for the Republic of Genoa. He remained in London for nearly four months, and though, as already stated, he cannot be said to have succeeded in his mission, it, however, served, without doubt, to consolidate the cordial relations existing between London and Genoa, and to overawe to some degree the arrogance of Spain. Cromwell had a special liking for Genoa, owing, doubtlessly, to his connection with the Genoese nobility, and above

all with Pallavicino,[1] but also to his wide political vision which kept his attention fixed on the Mediterranean, where the sea-power of England might require a secure and friendly port for any possible event.

On Fiesco's departure, Bernardi resumes his reports with his usual diligence and foresight, suggesting to Genoa what steps to take and what gifts to forward to Cromwell, and informing his Government of all that took place in London. Occasionally his letters contain piquant details, but as a rule only give precious information about England's home and foreign policy, of the preparation for the war against Spain, of mysterious treaties with Sweden, and of the intrigues woven with Paris, under the auspices of Mazarin, and so forth.

[1] The connection between the Cromwell family and that of the Genoese Pallavicino began with the marriage of Sir Oliver Cromwell, the Protector's uncle, to the widow of Orazio Pallavicino, a shipowner already known and respected in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Then Enrico Pallavicino, the son of Orazio by his first wife, wedded Catherine, Sir Oliver's daughter by *his* first wife, and therefore first cousin of the Protector. A wedding also took place between another son of Orazio's and another daughter of Sir Oliver's, and *his* daughter, Bettina Pallavicino, married Henry Cromwell, another cousin-german of the great Oliver.

They were all settled in England. Information of this family, a branch of the noble family of the Pallavicino of Genoa, may be found in Litta's important historical study on the noble Italian families.

During the hostilities with Spain, Bernardi had a very hard task to fulfil. There seems to be no doubt that Genoa, then, was acting with duplicity, endeavouring, while maintaining necessary neutrality, to preserve her friendship with both of the belligerents.

Cromwell, however, was not a man to tolerate such a policy lightly and, summoning Bernardi to him in March, 1656, he formally remonstrated with him on the conduct of his Government, which was supplying Spain with funds: the note ends with a demand for explanations. Poor Bernardi was ignorant of the whole matter and declared he could not admit the truth of the accusation and requested that, in any case, time should be granted him to obtain information from Genoa and clear away the misunderstanding. Evidently, however, the Government of the Republic was in no haste to reply; and Bernardi, much harassed, addressed a letter to Pallavicino, the Genoese Resident in Paris, asking him for explanations. Pallavicino, who completely in the dark as to what was going on, evidently replied that he knew nothing, and Bernardi hastened to Cromwell with that fresh proof of Genoa's innocence.

Courteously, the Protector replied that he had not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the Genoese ambassadors, but that the information he possessed was certainly true and he

awaited explanations from the Genoese Government. Finally, two months later, Bernardi received the longed-for explanations along with a reproof for having written to Pallavicino without the authorization of his government. He, troubling himself but little about that, begged the Protector for a formal audience, which was limited to a denial of ever having furnished Spain with money, and to the assertion that such a rumour was to be ascribed to the ill-will of people working for their own interests. Cromwell, desirous of not perturbing his relations with the Italian Republic, was satisfied, and the incident was closed, to the great satisfaction of Bernardi who had suffered days of great anxiety.

For the remaining two years of the Lord Protector's life, nothing else happened to disturb the friendly relations between the two powers, Bernardi neglecting no occasion to provide fresh proofs of amity.[1]

In London, the Genoese always found valid support, and constant protection of their rights, and Cromwell's friendship for Genoa never failed. In 1657, the tragic period when Liguria was devastated by pestilence, it was rumoured in London that Tuscany was preparing to assault Genoa, weakened by the plague. Bernardi, so far off, and without news, turned to

[1] See Preface.

those near the Protector for information; and was told he was authorized to write that Cromwell was prepared to "protect the Serenissima Republic of Genoa against anyone whomsoever." And from the habits and words of this subtle Genoese we see the events of which he was a witness from the battle of Worcester onwards, in a more verisimilar light than in the hostile reports of the Spanish De Cardenas, in the vacuous relations of the Frenchman Bordeaux, or in the various accounts of the historians.[1]

[1] See Preface.

THE DEATH-THROES OF THE REPUBLIC

PARLIAMENT, after its triumph, having voted pensions to Cromwell and his collaborators, and prepared for him and his family the royal residence of Hampton Court, dedicated itself to the reorganization of the State as then, the civil wars being over, the Republican Government might be considered stable.

The defeated King was known to have escaped in safety to Holland, after a romantic and tragic flight : the remains of his army were, by now, dispersed ; its leaders fallen into Government's hands, were punished according to martial law, still in force : the last centres of resistance were falling one by one.

Cromwell bestowed personal gifts on the members of Parliament in acknowledgment of the honours conferred on him, and the new Commonwealth seemed to proceed towards a definite settlement in the perfect harmony reigning between the civil and military leaders.

But, for more than three years, Cromwell had been exercising first in Ireland, then in Scot-

land, the most absolute and uncontrolled power ; and, in that time, had in those countries, known what a joy it was to command : he was aware that the safety of the Commonwealth was owing to him ; and, had he cared to forget it, those around him reminded him of it with daily proofs of their gratitude. He knew also that his position as General-in-Chief of the army bestowed on him the supreme command and control of all the armed forces in the State. And, although in the activity of the Council of State, every consideration was shown to him, and, in every decision his advice was always asked for, this could no longer suffice him.

And he immediately began a struggle against Parliament ; the latter was conscious of being the last defence of the Commonwealth against the audacity of the army, personified in the Lord General, while he, in Parliament and in its members, saw the embodiment of the reproving voices of his own conscience, as well as the obstacles to his dominion.

In the few survivors then in Parliament, (about a hundred and twenty) there were the most ardent Puritan republicans—those who had first raised the standard of revolt against the King's tyranny : the extremists who insisted on the Government putting into effect the principles of liberty for which so many wars had been fought, so many provinces devastated ;

the moderates who impelled by the majority had shared their responsibility but now watched their every movement, awaiting a juncture in which they could reprove them for their weaknesses, and their treachery to the ideas and the programmes traced, and in all of them Cromwell could see but adversaries.

The festivities and celebrations being over, he resumed his seat in Parliament, and put forward three proposals [1] in which craft and ability were blended with Machiavellian art.

He proposed, namely, that a general verification of the administration of public funds during the war should be made; that a general pardon should be bestowed on all those who submitted to the Government of the Commonwealth; that Parliament should be dissolved and the Council of State authorized to summon a new one to be renewed every two years.

It was difficult to oppose those three proposals. The first was of a moral character. Public opinion accused some of the members of having done good business for themselves in administrating the public funds, and in war materials; and Cromwell, whose uprightness and utter disinterestedness no one could suspect, was easily able to assume the office of censor; which,

[1] These proposals of Cromwell, not mentioned by historians, are given in Francesco Bernardi's letter of September 29th, to his Government. See Appendix, Doc. 1.

however, did not fail to throw a shadow of discredit on Parliament. The second was also extremely able: Cromwell was aware that the greatest enemies to his dominion were among the Puritan extremists and his own men: a general pardon would bind to him those who had formerly opposed him as Royalists, but who could now willingly come to terms with a new *régime* that did not mean to take revenge; the third was the logical outcome of the new system to be given to Parliament. The members of the House, then, were the survivors of that Parliament summoned by Charles I in 1640; the supplementary elections of 1645 had partly re-filled it, substituting new members for those expelled and those who had been adherents of the King during the Civil War; but it could not be seriously considered as the legitimate representative of the new situation.

What came of the first proposal is not known: it seems to have come to nothing. The second was accepted, and Cromwell had all the merit of the general pardon: the third was discussed, but the result was not what he who proposed it expected. With forty-nine votes against forty-seven, it was decided to fix the date for the dissolution of Parliament; but, when it came to choose the date, a considerable majority voted for November 3rd, 1654; that is, three years later.

Cromwell left Parliament after the discussion, deeply disappointed.

Three weeks had not passed since his victory at Worcester, but a few days since his triumphal return to London, and already he found himself in front of a hundred men, who diffidently rejected his proposals and humiliated him with their evident determination not to let themselves be commanded by him.

That evening, at Hampton Court, he was silent: a visitor who called on him found him looking aged; he reflected how much easier it was to order the extermination of thousands of men in a conquered city, than to change the opinion of some tens of members of Parliament. He thought what the idolaters of force think in their impotence: they can slay and torment the bodies of men, but are powerless to dominate a single will, a single intellect, a single soul, rising against them, armed only by faith and right.

There began, then, in military circles a subtle activity of daily propaganda against Parliament, a minute system of defamation, consisting in calumnies against one or other of the members, or in ironical remarks and satires which circulated, sometimes printed, sometimes only transmitted orally, from mouth to mouth.

Once more, the army, and for the army, Cromwell, claimed the power in the State for themselves, forgetting and trying to make others

forget the work accomplished in silence by Parliament. It was easy to say that the "Rump" of the House, elected in 1640, had no longer any reason for existing: but then, it was necessary to forget that the civil wars had been fought in its name, that it had furnished the necessary means, had held the Government and kept up its international relations, while the armies were fighting; that it had held out against the violent attacks of the factions, saving the principles it had sworn to when first summoned, and representing the new Republican England, up to the extreme step taken in condemning the King.

Like all Governments, it had, doubtless, had also its moments of weakness and indecision; but, in resisting the King first, and later the populace and, finally, the army, when it became menacing, it had proved it was an assembly of men, by no means common, whom it was a duty to respect, an injustice to deride.

"But," asked Cromwell's friends, "what would Parliament have been worth, of what use would it have been, had the army been defeated?" The members might have answered: "How would the army have conquered without the means which Parliament, at the risk of unpopularity, had provided, without its perseverance in keeping firm against the pressure, the thousands of proposals, and

the blandishments of the monarchy to obtain a pacific surrender?" In any case the propaganda produced the desired effect, and it was felt that Parliament would dissolve before the time appointed.

Meanwhile, in weekly meetings of the Council of State, projects for the definitive constitution to be given to the State were being ventilated. The news that came from England and Scotland was tranquillizing; but beyond the sea there was a menace of war. Holland was the natural rival of England for the dominion of the seas. Attempts at pacification had been made especially by the English Parliament during the most difficult period of the Civil War. Holland had always rejected them, hoping to obtain greater advantages, on the restoration of the Stuarts, in giving aid to whom, she was therefore generous. Serious incidents had already troubled the relations between the countries, when Parliament—"The Rump"—so much defamed, a few weeks only after the war with Scotland, affirmed with the "Navigation Act" the determination of England to have the undisputed dominion of the seas. This Act imposed the monopoly of English ships for transports from America, Africa and Asia, and forbade other nations to use their vessels except for the transport of their own exclusive products, on pain of confiscation and capture.

Holland could not submit to such a blow without protesting, and sent ambassadors to London, where their reception was unsatisfactory. The war on the sea broke out immediately. The Dutch had one great admiral, Von Tromp; and they flung themselves into the enterprise light-heartedly. The English appointed Blake commander of the fleet, and he soon proved to be a man of exceptional qualities and unlimited audacity. The outbreak of war was a reason for deferring any deliberation concerning the dissolution of Parliament, which, in November, provided for the annual renewal of the Council of State; twenty of the old members being re-elected and twenty new ones nominated. Cromwell regretted this postponement, and still less did he like the rising of the new star, Blake, a Puritan and Republican, who was becoming highly popular owing to his first fortunate successes in the naval war.

Parliament, however, endeavoured not to displease Cromwell, who was always the head of the army; indeed, to prove to him its consideration. Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, Governor of Ireland, having died of fever in December, it appointed him to this office. So that Cromwell was able to send as Deputy his faithful friend Fleetwood, who, a few months later, took Ireton's place also as Cromwell's son-in-law, by marrying his widow.

Nor did Parliament fail in proving its gratitude to the Lord General, by assigning him a yearly pension of £4,000. But all this does not seem to have freed Cromwell from the discontented mood, which he reveals in a few letters written to a friend during that period —letters in which his sadness transpires, and in which he declares he is waiting for better times.

Parliament kept up its intense activities, and, with able administrative measures, prepared the union of the reigns of Ireland and Scotland to England. Under the Stuarts, they had been united only in the fact of having the same Kings ; but it was impossible for them to remain divided with a republican constitution ; commissioners were, therefore, sent to those States to reorganize the counties and parishes under the new *régime*, and to prepare them to elect their representatives to the Parliament in London.

The successes of the war on the seas, the audacity of its foreign policy, its activity in home affairs, increased day by day the prestige of the Parliamentary Government, while the glories of the army were attenuated as the months passed, being eclipsed by the triumphs of the fleet.

All this Cromwell realized and, though his authority was always great and the utmost deference was shown to him, he saw the possi-

bility of acquiring absolute power diminishing, day by day.

In the first months of 1652, while the Dutch war was a series of triumphs for England, the business of economic reorganization at home and abroad was carried on with alacrity by Parliament. Embassies from every country arrived in London in order to resume the diplomatic relations interrupted by the fall of the Monarchy. France, after a serious incident caused by Blake, who had captured some of her ships suspected of contraband, sent her ambassadors to the Commonwealth, as did Portugal, too, notwithstanding the veto of Spain; the Republic of Genoa laid the foundations of an alliance which permitted England to have a friendly port in the Mediterranean; and, in the meantime, the fleet was augmented, becoming in a short time the virtual mistress of the seas, through the application of the Navigation Act,[1] the first assertion of English imperialism.

[1] We find that the merit of the Navigation Act is often attributed to the initiative of Cromwell—the result of one of those mistakes which, repeated by one writer after another, end by being acquired truths. Carlyle, who would not have omitted ascribing to his hero another merit, makes no mention of this; other historians are silent on the subject. The Acts of Parliament show that it was above all the two members, Vane and St. John, who insisted on the Navigation Act. Besides, Cromwell,

And this was the discredited Parliament—the "Rump" as it was called by Cromwell's friends—that saw Catholic Europe at its feet, begging for its friendship, and monarchs sending ambassadors to the regicides, with gifts, homage, offers of alliance. Cromwell felt his prestige was in danger. There was no talk of dissolving Parliament, and, in November, the period for the renovation of the Council of State, twenty of the old members were again appointed, along with twenty new ones.

Fifteen months had now passed since Cromwell's triumphal return from Worcester, and the dream of that day seemed to be fading away. To hinder it from vanishing altogether, it was necessary to make haste.

after the failure of his first reappearance in Parliament, took but little, if any, part in the doings of the House. In the nineteen months, from September, 1651, to April, 1653, he was working in the shade, preparing the *coup d'état*, so that Carlyle asserts they were months without history—perhaps a somewhat exaggerated assertion. To be exact, the vote in favour of the Navigation Act was passed on October 9th, 1651. To Cromwell is certainly due the creation of the fleet, necessary for the efficacious application of the Act of Navigation.

At Hampton Court, plots were being hatched; there, Cromwell gathered his friends together and the reorganization of the State was discussed.

Parliament was spoken of; English traditions, it was said, required a Government with a responsible head, a "something resembling monarchy." Not that Cromwell ever said so: he listened to the words, may even have suggested them, but no one was able to say that he ever pronounced plain formulas or put forward precise plans on the subject.

The various speeches attributed to him are, doubtless, false. His ideas were, however, immutable.

A pretext had to be found to abolish Parliament and, in the meanwhile, concentrate all power in the Council of State, where the majority were his faithful friends. Then, the issue would be seen. It was difficult, however, to find a pretext; it is not easy to wear the mask of Cæsar when there is no justification for it in the situation. Renounce one's whole past spent as an apostle of liberty; deny all one's life

passed as a combatant; cancel, all at once, one's reputation as a religious, disinterested, modest man, is hard, when there is no plausible motive to justify it.

And at that time there was no such motive; there was no quarrel to settle, no party to side with, no act of justice to perform—nothing, but the crisis of a man who felt he was growing old and was unwilling to leave the stage, unwilling to end his life simply as a glorious, pensioned general, while England would proceed without him, on her way. Was he to die like Essex, almost forgotten, or live like Fairfax, an ex-General-in-Chief, and now a simple country gentleman?

This was the real crisis which has been in vain arrayed in the shining colours of heroism. This, and this only, was the origin of Cromwell's *coup d'état.*

As usual, Fortune came to his aid; and, as always, it was his natural adversaries who unconsciously precipitated the event and gave it an appearance of justification. In January, the extremists in Parliament, the most intolerant of the republicans, made no secret of their intention of proposing that the post of General-in-Chief should be abolished. The office was, after all, temporary, its legal duration was nearing its end, and many considered it useless, not to say dangerous, to have in time of peace,

a Supreme Head of the Army with exclusive authority over it.

Cromwell, being thus courteously and formally invited to resign, found means to postpone the matter—namely, that of informing the leaders of the army of it; and Parliament, deferring every decision, gave him the opportunity of calling to London his trusty officers and bringing close to London some divisions of his troops.

But the question, though adjourned, was bound to be brought forward again, and, in fact, on Wednesday, April 20th, the bill for the abolishing of the Lord-Generalship was in the order of the day.[1]

[1] There is complete disagreement among historians as to the occasion which caused the *coup d'état*. The most probable, which Francesco Bernardi gives as the only and certain one in his letters of February 3rd and May 15th, 1653 (given in Appendix, Document II and III) has been unknown till now to the various narrators of the historical scene. Cromwell was, without doubt, anxious to avoid making use of a petty personal question as a pretext for his act. Perhaps, for this reason, his friends and admirers have distorted the facts; but, the strange thing is that also his detractors accept the same version. Bernardi writes plainly: "that while they were about to put to vote the revoking of the commission of the said Lord-General and then adjourn Parliament till Michaelmas, Cromwell rose and cut short the discussion." This version is too logical to allow of any doubt. Cromwell, obliged to resign his Lord-Generalship and Parliament being closed, became a private citizen, subject to the common law. His project allowed of no delay. It may

Cromwell, informed of this the day before, prepared for the event, called some friends, and communicated his intention to them: all of them advised him against it. He, however, felt that delay meant renunciation for ever; and, next morning, he entered the House silently, accompanied by his Adjutant, General Harrison, and followed by about twenty officers, whom he left outside the door, and took his seat. Shortly after, however, before the discussion on the question concerning himself had begun, he rose as if to speak, took off his hat and ordered Harrison to take the mace, the symbol of power, from the Speaker's table. Harrison obeyed and Cromwell, in an agitated voice, pronounced the following words:

"Gentlemen, I do not address you as a Parliament; the people of this Commonwealth have expected some results

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be interesting to produce the various versions which fall to the ground in front of the disinterested document of the Genoese diplomat. Colonel Sidney and, with him, Whitlocke, who were both in the House, assert that they were discussing the prorogation of Parliament, with fifty-three members present. Ludlow, who was not present, says the members were about 100, and confirms the subject of the discussion, but he has his information from Cromwell. All the historians follow these two, repeating their details with slight variations, except Godwin, who affirms that Cromwell did not take any interest in the discussion, but "Feeling the Spirit of God, would not listen either to flesh or blood."

from you in the organization of the present Government and in the administration of justice, but our Lord, because of the enormous sins of many of you, has blinded you and taken away your intellect, making you place your own particular interests before the public welfare and the fear of God, you doing your best to perpetuate your functions, so that nothing good can be expected or hoped of you. I am, therefore, ordered by the Preservers of Liberty and by the people of this Commonwealth to dissolve you. Therefore, Mr. Speaker, leave your place.[1] Return, all of you, to your homes because the Lord has opened to us the path to power which will be useful to him and to the world."

At this amazing speech, a tumult arose: from every side cries reached the Speaker: "Keep your place! Keep your place!"

Cromwell then dared what even the King had feared to do: he ordered Harrison to force the Speaker to leave his seat. This being done, a fresh tumult broke out. Cromwell's men spread through the house and turned out the members, while Cromwell, still on fire, assailed them as they went with violent words and accusations: calling Vane a juggler and a cheat, (Bernardi) Martyn an evil-liver —demanding account of Mildmay of £500,000 worth of jewels formerly belonging to the crown, and Scott of £300,000, taken by him from the Treasury of the Commonwealth. And the members were turned out amid the derision and insults of the soldiers.

[1] See Document II in Appendix.

The doors were closed, and silence dwelt in the House. So died the Long Parliament after thirteen years' existence. Next day, some soldier, satisfied with the event, wrote on the door the ironical words: "Empty: House to let," and the *Mercurius Politicus*, the official organ of Government, on April 21st, 1653, narrated the event in a few simple words, saying that the Lord-General, having explained in Parliament the motives for which the sittings were to terminate, it dissolved at once. The Speaker and all the members withdrew. The news was accompanied by a vague promise to publish shortly the reason for such a decision.

London showed no agitation at this *coup d'état*, which was known to please the army and its most audacious leaders: no one could dream of beginning another civil war; besides, the power of the Rump Parliament had lasted too long not to have made many discontented, and the campaign against the members and the institution itself had produced the desired effect; therefore, without enthusiasm, but also without regret, the people accepted the accomplished fact. In the provinces, more enthusiastic and ingenuous, amazement (here and there,) changed into insurrection, which, however, was promptly put down.

The very day of the forced dissolution of

Parliament, the Council of State was to sit, as usual on Wednesdays. In origin, this Council was but a branch of Parliament, and, after his success, Cromwell understood that it would be easy for him to eliminate also this last simulacrum of elective government. That very evening, he entered the hall where the Council was sitting, and declared, briefly, that if the members had assembled there as private persons he would not disperse them, but if they were there as representatives of the Council of State they could simply go home ; they doubtless knew what had happened in the morning and, therefore, that Parliament had been dissolved. The aged Bradshaw, the President of the High Court, who was Chairman of the meeting, nobly replied, that they knew what Cromwell had done at the House, and it would soon be known to the whole of England, but that he was wrong if he considered Parliament dissolved. Let him remember that no authority under heaven but its own had power to dissolve it.

Other voices were raised in protest, but in vain. Under the windows, Cromwell's armed soldiers were gathering, and the assembly of jurists and theologians, constrained to, by force, voted its own dissolution.

Cromwell was, by now, the dictator of England, Scotland and Ireland : his dream was beginning to be realized.

Two days later, he issued a manifesto explaining to the country the reasons for his action, summed up in the alleged incapacity of Parliament and the corruption of its members. In the manifesto it is added that the act was carried out with purity of heart and the one intention of entrusting the Government to "known persons, men fearing God and of approved fidelity and honesty." It concludes with an invitation to officials and magistrates to remain in their posts, and injunctions to the people to acknowledge them as formerly. From all parts, adhesions to the new *régime* arrived with congratulations on Cromwell's success; also the fleet, where Blake had been joined by Monk, a faithful friend to Cromwell, made its declaration of submission.

Once more, after having fought for the sake of liberty, the people bent to force.

Cromwell, somewhat uneasy because of the very facility of his success, and desirous that his deed should not have too violent and illegal an appearance, announced at once, that a new Parliament would be summoned shortly.

One hundred and forty copies of this summons, so expressed, varying only in the names of the persons addressed and the counties, availed to constitute the so-called new Parliament. Those designed accepted the nomination without much difficulty, only two refusing it.

Cromwell's choice had been made with some ability; men of real worth were among those summoned, and he had especially chosen elements of the former *régime*, hoping to bind them to himself. Some surprise was shown at Colonel Tomlinson, the chief of the King's Guards, who had accompanied the monarch to the scaffold, being among them.

In London, there were no doubt many of those ingenuous people who are astonished at seeing how easily one flits from one party to another, especially when office, honours and riches are to be obtained thereby. Ironical remarks were plentiful both on the method of nominating the members, and on the names and origin of those chosen.

Bordeaux, the French Ambassador, in writing to his Government, expressed a very harsh opinion of the new Parliament—by then known as the *Barebones* Parliament, from the name of one of its members.

It was, in fact, a strange assembly, even though Cromwell's adherents declared that the list of members to be nominated had been subjected to a most strict examination and scrupulous selection.

On July 4th, the new members met in London, except those who, owing to their military duties, could not leave their posts. The assembly was held in the Council Chamber in Whitehall,

scarcely able to contain all the members and the great number of officers, gathered round Cromwell.

The day was very hot, the temperature in the hall suffocating. After prayer, Cromwell rose, and delivered the speech which lasted for several hours, it being both his justification and the exposition of his programme.

All the extant texts of this lengthy oratorical display of Cromwell's are, necessarily, only approximately correct; his speech was not written and was taken down by his audience with notable variations, whence the difficulty of a textual reconstruction.[1]

The pamphlet *Several Proceedings of State Affairs* published a short summary of the oration in about 100 lines: two copies, however, of the speech were put into circulation shortly after; and from them we can deduce its substance, if not always its exact words.

Cromwell was in a difficult position: he knew his audience were prejudiced in his favour; but he was not speaking so much to them as to the nation awaiting an explanation of what had occurred, to Europe and to history. His speech is one of self-justification, but it betrays the weakness of his cause, and never rises above the level of a desolating mediocrity.

[1] The *Calendar of State Papers* contains an ample official summary of it. Sec. Domestic, 1653.

Cromwell might have told the truth, brutally, as a daring, unscrupulous man—might have said that he was the strongest, that the army was force, that he had availed himself of it to assume Government, believing, as every dictator must believe, and make others believe, that he was acting for the welfare of his country. Oliver had not courage enough to be sincere, and betrayed his cause, endeavouring to give it a moral colour, analysing too minutely, seeking to justify his arbitrary act too strongly, in a speech which has no single gleam of inspiration or audacity, and which, in form, is dull, jerky, and commonplace.

He began in the tone of a bureaucratic bulletin.

"GENTLEMEN,—

"I suppose the Summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion of your being here. Howbeit, I have something farther to impart to you, which is an Instrument drawn up by the consent and advice of the principal officers of the army; which is a little (as we conceive) more significant than the letter of the Summons. We have that here to tender you; and somewhat likewise to say farther for our own exoneration; which we hope may be somewhat farther for your satisfaction. And withal seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily by reason of the scantness of the room, and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto."

Such a commencement scarcely promises a great speech, but Cromwell goes on to remind

his hearers of the origin of the revolution, since the King had dismissed his parliaments, one after the other, until one of them, the last, had risen against the monarchy; of the vicissitudes of the Civil War and the victories, owing, naturally, to Divine Protection; of the danger incurred by the cause of the revolution from the negotiations for peace, which, at one time, had seemed to be about to end in a settlement with the King; and, with emphasis, of the conduct of the army, continually warlike and consistent. Thus at a certain point he exclaimed:

"I confess to you that I am very much troubled in my own spirit that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, this is the *leanest* part of the transactions, this mere historical narrative of them; there being in every particular, in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling-down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that change of the Government—I say there is not any one of these things, thus removed and reformed, but hath an evident print of Providence set upon it, that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not an opportunity to be more particular on these points, which I principally designed, this day, thereby to stir up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence."

Up to this point Cromwell had recalled a past which did him honour, and which all were aware of. Now, he had to face more recent history, that which began after the war with Scotland; his speech became more pathetic:

he recalled the victory of Worcester, acknowledging in it, too, the beneficent hand of God, and then proceeded to speak of the disillusions which Parliament had caused to him himself and to the victorious army.

"If I," says he, "should now labour to be particular in enumerating how businesses have been transacted from that time to the dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be on a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow officers, that we have rather desired and studied healing and looking forward than to rake into sores and to look backward—to give things forth in those colours that would not be very pleasant for any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity; nay, even that duty that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great change—I think it will not be amiss to offer a word or two to that. As I said before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do."

One expects this long preamble to be followed by striking revelations; instead, we find only remarks on the discontent of the army and the petitions of the officers for a more energetic policy, with no determination of facts.

Cromwell asserted, after this, that the people were discontented at the promises of Parliament being unfulfilled, and its programme not being carried out, but always speaking in general and vaguely, so that it is difficult to draw from his words even the indirect indication of a plausible argument in favour of the orator or his thesis.

In one point it seems as if his accusations against the Parliament dismissed were reduced to a charge of an insufficient liberalism and sloth in effectuating the postulates of freedom, the cardinal points of the revolution. For example, he asserted:

"That if we had been fought out of our liberties and rights, Necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them sluggishly up would render us the basest persons in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of His people."

He then declared that he had taken his decision after great hesitation and many consultations:

"The thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any battle that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous if possible that these men might quit their places with honour."

Then, at the culminating point, the voice of the orator rose as he continued:

"But affairs being at this posture, we seeing clearly even in some critical things that the Cause of the People of God was a despised thing; truly we did believe then that the hands of other men 'than these' must be the hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of our duty."

When he came to relate what everyone knew: namely, that he had turned out Parliament, Cromwell, evidently aware of not having suc-

ceeded in convincing his audience or justifying his act, of having used words and only words, and seeing, perhaps, the indifference of the assembly, turned back: he had several times pronounced the humble word *justifications*, but he was conscious of not having presented any.

And the wearisome speech was resumed: it was necessary, he felt, to blacken the past that greater light might be shed on the present; and, therefore, he again took up the accusations against Parliament.

"Only this: If anybody was in competition for any place of real and signal trust; if any real and public interest was at stake in that Parliament how hard and difficult a matter it was to get anything carried without making parties—without practices, indeed, unworthy of a Parliament."

But there is more. A project for

"establishing a Preaching Ministry in Wales had been proposed for discussion in the House, and, according to Cromwell, that business was trodden under foot in Parliament, to the discountenancing of the honest people."

The orator found nothing else to justify the *coup d'état*, and conscious that it was scarcely enough, he proceeded to narrate the attempts made by him to induce Parliament to dissolve, with the firm replies in the negative repeatedly received, which proved it meant to go on perpetually by means of partial re-elections. The final explanation given by him of his act is,

therefore, this: if Parliament had been integrated with new elements its life would have gone on, and perhaps, men of doubtful faith would have become part of it. In order to hinder this: "We thought it our duty not to suffer it. And upon this the House was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question."

After this version of transactions already over, Cromwell passed to things of the future.

"It remains now for me to acquaint you a little further with what relates to your taking upon you this great business. But, indeed, that is contained in the paper here in my hand which will be offered presently to you to read for our own exoneration. But having done that we have done upon such ground of necessity as we have now declared which was not a feigned necessity but a real—it did behove us to the end we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things, not to grasp at the power ourselves, or keep it in military hands, no, not for a day, but as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of proper persons that might be called from the several parts of the nation. This necessity, and I hope we may say for ourselves this integrity, of concluding to divest the Sword of all power in the Civil Administration,—hath been that that hath moved us to put you to this trouble; and having done that, truly we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences but offer somewhat to you on the devolving of the burden on your shoulders."

After a long digression on the custom of giving instructions to the members, when the

power of the State was transferred, and on the special divine benevolence which alone had brought about the existing state of affairs, Cromwell again apologized for his daring to give advice and begged his hearers to take it kindly; then, referring to several Biblical texts, he supposed that prayers would be more efficacious than counsel. He then proposed to have the Instrument of Government read, prepared, he said, by him and his principal officers, and in which it was announced that sovereign power was bestowed on the new Parliament until November 3rd, 1654—that is, for little more than a year, after which date it would pass to those organs which meantime would have been constituted.

At this point, however, Cromwell was obliged to give a very significant piece of information.

"I have only this to add. The affairs of the Nation lying in our hands to be taken care of; and we knowing that both the affairs at sea, the armies in Ireland and Scotland, and the Providing of things for the preventing of inconveniences and the answering of emergencies, did require that there should be no interruption, but that care ought to be taken for these things; and foreseeing likewise that before you could digest yourselves into such a method, both for place, time and other circumstances, as you shall please to proceed in, some time would be required, which the Commonwealth would not bear in respect to the managing of things: I have within a week past, set up a Council of State, to whom the managing of affairs is committed."

The Council was but temporary, and was to be replaced by another designed by Parliament when that should be found most opportune.

The speech ended without perorations or rhetorical flourishes. It is said by some to have been delivered in a loud, thundering voice as by one inspired by God; but extremely lengthy, as it was, it revealed Cromwell's embarrassment, and the essential weakness of his position from a moral and legal point of view.

The proof of this was given by Oliver himself, whose uneasy conscience had too often imparted to his words a tone of self-defence and self-justification, and had brought him to an ambiguous conclusion. The synthesis of his speech was a weak act of accusation against the dissolved Parliament, meant to justify his *coup d'état*; it was a protest against the accusation brought forward of his wishing to concentrate the whole power in his own hands. To give a proof of his sincerity he, in theory, attributed sovereign powers to the new Parliament, withdrawing them, in practice, on the feeble and ingenuous pretext of the necessity of an interim government which might enable the new members to acquire the necessary practice. It was easy to object that the men, whom he had considered worthy of constituting the provisional Council of State, might have been

indicated by him, to be nominated by Parliament, and that the Council itself had no legal origin.

The speech, issuing from an uneasy conscience, had, therefore, the effect of dissatisfying every one, and the results of this were not long in appearing.

The new Parliament, if not elected by the people, was, according to Cromwell, appointed by the Lord, and considered itself as the fount of supreme authority; the constitutional act, proposed in the inaugural assembly, was quite clear, and, the day after, the members began their session at Westminster Hall and appointed their Speaker. Filled with zeal, this assembly began to vote various measures, some of them useful, as e.g., the Reform of the procedure of English Law and that of the slow Court of Chancery, a nest of old monarchical magistrates, and others chiefly concerning religious organization. But the ambiguous situation was evident. Cromwell had nominated and summoned those men, secretly intending not to form a Parliament with them; the very place of the first assembly, outside Westminster Hall, proved his dissension; but, seized by scruples and fears, and moved by the indubitable signs of discontent among the people, who would have considered the suppression of Parliament as a return to monarchical despotism, he had been

led to bestow on the assembly the name and functions of Parliament, and of this it now availed itself. Cromwell thus found himself again in front of an authority which intended to become independent: the *coup d'état*, ill-conceived, only partly concluded, had brought matters to this hybrid state, and led to a state of agitation in the nation which proved its dissatisfaction.

In August, in fact, a vast conspiracy to kill Cromwell and some members of the Council of State, was discovered. Its leaders were arrested and imprisoned in the Tower; and Parliament voted the constitution of a special Court of Justice, to try the conspirators, and others accused of crimes against the State, attributed especially to members of the late Parliament.[1]

To free the people's minds from the state of depression which was spreading among them, came the glad news of the naval victories over Holland, whose strong fleet had faced a decisive engagement and, notwithstanding its superior forces, suffered disaster. Admiral Van Tromp was slain, Vice-Admiral Ewson taken prisoner, the fleet partly destroyed and partly scattered. London exulted on receiving Blake's and Monk's reports, celebrations and donations were voted

[1] Letter, 28th August, 1653, of Francesco Bernardi: Prayer Collection, Letter 31.

to the victors, who had thus consecrated the superiority of the English on the seas even over the most dreaded rival left her after the wretched end of the "Invincible Armada." While negotiations for armistice and peace were being carried on with Holland, fresh internal troubles broke out to prove that the consensus of the people vaunted by Cromwell was by no means certain.

A month had scarcely passed since the discovery of the former conspiracy, when a new plot came to light: one of an exclusively extremist character, having no connection either with the exiled King or with the Royalists.

Proceedings were being taken in the new Court of Justice for crimes against the State, in which a certain Lilburne, a very strange revolutionary adventurer, was involved. A bookseller, writer and pedlar, he had suffered imprisonment under Charles I for his polemical zeal: on the outbreak of the Civil War, he had joined the revolutionary army, fighting with great courage and being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; his bitter criticisms of his fellow-Puritans, however, brought him into trouble; Parliament had him arrested and tried, and banished him from England. At one period Cromwell had intervened in his favour, but then had allowed him to be condemned.

After the *coup d'état*, Lilburne, who seems

to have taken refuge in France, returned to London and addressed a letter to Cromwell, which he entitled: "*The Appeal of a Banished Man to his Protector.*"[1] Though the tone of this epistle was quite humble, and only expressed Lilburne's desire to return and live in England, he was arrested. From prison he wrote another letter to Cromwell, in which he explained at length the reasons why he found his banishment, decreed by Parliament, unjust. Cromwell, however, was evidently afraid of Lilburne's pen and took no step in his favour; indeed, had him tried at the Court of Justice as guilty of infraction of his sentence of banishment. He was, however, absolved by the judges.

Notwithstanding this, by order of the Council of State he was kept in prison, and no one was, on pain of death, allowed to communicate with him or afford him means of communication with others, either by writing or orally: he was left in prison till his death, which took place after four years of martyrdom.[2]

This Lilburne affair excited the public and especially the most fervid Puritans, being a proof of the non-existence, except in name, of the authority of the organs of State, and of

[1] Cromwelliana, pp. 31 *et seq.* Letter, 6th October, of F. Bernardi: Prayer Collection, Letter 33.
[2] *Ibid.*

the hindering and, indeed, suppression of justice by the intervention of the political power concentrated in the hands of Cromwell and of his Council of State.

In Parliament and, in the army, protests were raised in favour of Lilburne, among the most authoritative that of Colonel Joyce, who had taken the King prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and had been a member of the Council of State; all which did not prevent his being imprisoned in the Tower along with many officers, his friends.

Those were dark days in London: no week passed without bringing fresh trouble—among other things a mutiny among the sailors complaining of not having received the pay promised them. Two thousand of them gathered near Cromwell's house, shouting and threatening; he, with a few officers, descended into the street, armed, and faced the crowd: one sailor was slain, it seems by Cromwell himself; others were wounded and the crowd dispersed.[1]

But disorder was spreading and becoming more serious: an endeavour to please the public by nominating a new Council of State was made; but no one had much faith in it;

[1] This episode is confirmed by two diplomatic sources: the report of the Ambassador Sagredo to the Venetian Senate, and the letter of Bernardi of November 17th, 1653. See Appendix, Document XIV.

the elections took place, and Cromwell obtained the unanimous votes of the 113 electors in Parliament, others getting much fewer: the Council was formed of thirty-one members, one-sixth of whom belonged to the interim Council. All this was *propter formam* as Francesco Bernardi, Genoa's diplomatic agent, acutely writes, "because the Government consisted only of six persons, the chief of whom is the Lord-General, and they confirm and renew those whom they care to." [1]

It was useless to play the comedy any longer: it would only have been useless hypocrisy to keep for another year that simulacrum of a Parliament, which had become an object of general derision, and discredited the Republic with its impotence. Therefore, one December morning, in a half-empty House, a few members presented to the Speaker, Rouse, who lent himself to the trick, the following motion:

"That the sitting of this Parliament any longer, as now constituted, will not be for the good of the Commonwealth, and that, therefore, it is requisite to deliver up unto the Lord-General Cromwell, the powers which we received from him."

The mover of this proposal was, it seems, called Honest. The motion was carried, a declaration signed and solemnly taken to Cromwell. About thirty members refused to sign it

[1] Letter of Bernardi, No. 36 in the Prayer Collection.

and remained sitting ; but, shortly after, Colonel Gough arrived to take possession of the documents and close the House. He asked them what they were doing and what they were waiting for. One of them replied : " We are calling on the Lord."

" Then," said Colonel Gough, " go and call on Him elsewhere. Had you behaved better the Lord would have come to you here." And they quitted the House. Fifteen of the thirty joined those who had gone to Cromwell to present to him their declaration, which they, too, then signed. So died that feigned Parliament by the hand of him who had created it, and who had become aware that a pretence of legality could never last long.

Cromwell called together a Council of officers who, for several days, alternating prayers and discussions, busied themselves in preparing the new Constitutional "Instruments of Government." There was no use, now, in trying to conceal the truth: Cromwell intended to rise to absolute and supreme power; still hoping, perhaps, to be able to exercise it justly and mercifully, as the King had not done; trusting, it may be, to succeed in promoting the welfare of his country, though, meanwhile, he humiliated it as no one had ever done before. The first article of the new constitutional pact decreed that the supreme legislative authority should be vested in one single person and in the people in Parliament assembled: the title of that person to be the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland. The following articles concern the functions of Parliament, determine the number of representatives and their division among counties and boroughs, fix the conditions necessary to become an elector (nobody eligible who had not property

to the value of £200), oblige the Lord Protector to summon Parliament and not to dissolve it for at least five months; and to have elections at least once every three years. This "Instrument of Government," however, contains an insidious rule which quite annuls the efficacy of such elections; candidates are to be eligible at twenty-one years of age, but only those who are well known to be "moral and religious"; the judgment on such qualities of the candidates being assigned to the Council of State, the organ of the executive power, presided over by Cromwell. To Parliament remained the legislative power and the right to impose taxes.

This "Instrument of Government" being drawn up, the ceremony for the Installation of the Lord Protector and for the promulgation of the New Constitution, was fixed for December 16th.

The spectacle was superb: the procession, between lines of soldiers, in state coaches reached Westminster, awaited by the State authorities in their sumptuous uniforms, near which Cromwell's austere garb of black velvet and hat with a gold band, seemed still more grave and dignified.

Oliver read the Instrument of Government; and then, evidently still anxious to justify his conduct, added a few quite unnecessary words,

alleging as origin of the high office he was about to assume, the free will of the Parliament which had resigned. Amid the applause of those present, he was then proclaimed Lord Protector. Thenceforward, he had a right to the title of "Highness," and would no longer sign with his surname "Cromwell" but simply with his Christian name "Oliver," followed by a capital "P"—the sign of his office.

The procession then returned to the royal residence, Whitehall, now the seat of the Protector, where Bishop Lockier awaited him, and, in the name of God, gave an exhortation, in honour of the new Head of the State.

The elections had to take place and Parliament be summoned by September 3rd, 1654; till then, therefore—for about ten months—Cromwell could exercise his supreme power without even an appearance of control.

Great projects were seething in his mind: he must prove to the people, to his secret or open opponents, that all he had done had been done for the welfare of the country; and to those who complained of the loss of liberty, of the shameless betrayal of the cause of the Revolution, that much more had been gained than lost. Cromwell began his task, but was before long obliged to confess that the difficulties in his path were stronger than he; that every day his *régime* was hated more, every

day the distrust felt towards him increased. Yet, the marks of deference, congratulations and messages that reached him from every side were innumerable ; they cannot, however, have deceived him. He knew that in the army there were voices murmuring against the tyrant, that in Ireland General Fleetwood had had difficulty in getting the new change in Government accepted without rebellion ; that even among his own most faithful friends there were those who accused him of treachery ; that, in Scotland, armed bands were again moving through the country, demanding a Parliament and freedom ; that the Royalists branded him as a usurper, and had placed a price on his head. This was all known to him, but there was no turning back for him, and he trusted that when his great work was seen by all, the country would recover its tranquillity.

First of all internal affairs had to be settled, but foreign policy could not be neglected. A splendid dream filled his mind—that of forming a great alliance among the countries of the Reformed religion ; a great league of offence and defence against the Catholics, with the Protector as its head.

London against Rome. A splendid dream, cut short, perhaps, by death. His work, however, began ; the negotiations of peace with Holland were protracted, and Cromwell willed

it should be so, for he wanted not peace alone, but an alliance with a Reformed Holland. In Sweden, the Queen was a free spirit and her people had accepted the Reformation; the country was distant but was a part of the great Protestant family; therefore, Cromwell sent Whitelock, his most trusty councillor, thither, as ambassador. He was preparing the imperial policy of England on a religious basis. But, at home, he did not succeed in tranquillizing people's minds; plots were continually breaking out; everywhere, among Republicans, Leveller extremists and Royalists, the ruin of the Lord Protector was desired and being prepared.

Only a month after his pompous installation, an ordinance, enumerating the crimes against the State, was issued. Those committing such crimes were to be considered guilty of high treason; and among them

"whoever seeks the death of His Highness and conspires towards that end, or preaches or speaks against him or the established Government, or calls him tyrant or usurper, or foments, counsels or aids any insurrection either in or outside the army, against his person, or asserts that there is any other Government in this Commonwealth, and that Parliament was not definitely dissolved on April 20th, 1653." [1]

All liberty was suppressed; the prisons were crowded. Another month had not passed

[1] Letter of F. Bernardi, February 3rd, 1651. See Appendix, Document IV.

before another vast plot was discovered : eleven persons were arrested and it was found that it was a Royalist conspiracy to bring back Charles II suddenly to London and incite the people to revolt.

Cromwell, on this occasion, vacillated between clemency and cruelty, and satisfied none ; still, he went on laboriously with his schemes ; peace and alliances were stipulated with Holland, the treaty being published on April 26th, and as Catholic Spain was encouraging intrigues, through her ambassador in London, it was necessary to have a footing in the Mediterranean, as well as a friend and a secure port there.

And as we have seen, Cromwell then treated with great friendliness the Genoese Resident, Francesco Bernardi, an astute and able banker, and promised to assist the Venetians against the Turks, having thus a plausible pretext for sending a fleet to the Mediterranean.[1]

A new conspiracy is discovered—the fourth in a few months—and a Republican plot this time, which makes other arrests necessary, and there is much talk about it in London. Yet

[1] The correspondence of the Genoese Resident shows how careful Cromwell always was to keep on good terms with Genoa, and as the Republic does not seem to have been equally anxious to do so, evidently, it was not Genoa that was most interested in forming an alliance. For the relations with Venice, see Sagredo's report. Appendix, Document XIV.

Cromwell gives no sign of being uneasy. He is now living more magnificently, but the weight of power does not lie lightly on him. There is so much to be settled at home. Law follows law, regulating discipline and hierarchy of religion, the procedure of justice, even the circulation in the streets of London, then overcrowded with vehicles. But all this serves not at all to quieten his opponents, who only become more audacious under such exceptional laws. Above all, the propaganda of the most upright is widely diffused—the protests of those Republicans most faithful to the principles of the revolution and who demand that its evangelical creed be realized. The Fifth Monarchy, that of Christ, ought to be founded after the four which had disappeared—the Assyrian, Persian, Alexandrine and Roman. It was the duty of England to found the most perfect. In the midst of such a turmoil, Cromwell thinks the time has come to summon Parliament, as appointed by the Instrument of Government, the term fixed being about to expire.

Those were the first elections of the United Commonwealth, the members being 100, fifteen of whom were for Ireland and thirty for Scotland. They were the first elections in fourteen years, during which the people had never been consulted, not even with the limited suffrage.

It was the Protector's right to choose the candidates, and he was embarrassed, as he could not avail himself of his right of exclusion, against those companions who had shared his first victories, his comrades in the glorious days of Preston, Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester; it could not be said they had failed to give the proof of faith required of Candidates for Parliament, nor could he deny his consent to those who had divided with him the responsibilities for the trial and execution of the King.

Had he wanted a House of renegades, names would easily have been found; there were crowds of those converted in the last hour and always ready to acclaim the dictator; but they were known to the country, and he had conscientious scruples. Thus it happened that the results of the elections were disconcerting. The first parliament of the Protectorate was by no means one of mere lay-figures. In the choice of candidates there had been, indeed, but little liberty. Still some small opening had been left through which now breathed the unquenchable desire of the people for freedom.

To the House of Commons returned men with names covered with glory in the war—such as Fairfax and Lambert; and members of the High Court of Justice that had condemned the King; several relatives of Crom-

well's were elected—his sons Henry and Richard, his sons-in-law Fleetwood and Claypole; but the assembly showed itself by no means inclined to be unanimous and ready to bend to the will of the dictator.

On September 3rd, after listening to a sermon in Westminster Abbey, the members attended the Lord Protector, who made them a speech; they then went to the House and adjourned till next day. After another sermon on September 4th, Cromwell, with his head covered, and seated on an elevated chair of state, in the Painted Chamber, welcomed the members. He then rose, took off his hat, and delivered one of his usual lengthy politico-religious discourses, full of justifications, desires, advice and admonition. It lasted an hour. but expressed nothing new and was listened to with some diffidence by one part of the assembly; the other part not succeeding in deceiving Cromwell with their applause. He had really little to say; but informed the members of the work accomplished during the preceding months, advised them to be moderate, and reproved the impatience of the extremists, reminding them of what great things were still to be accomplished in home and foreign policy. Only one sentence is worthy of note—one which reveals Cromwell's great dream—that of the union among all the Protestants in the world.

"You are met here . . . having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations with the territories belonging to them; and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the interest of all the Christian people in the world. . . ." [1]

Having announced the *peace* concluded with Holland, Denmark, Portugal and Switzerland, he ended his speech declaring he had not spoken as one assuming to himself dominion over them; they could therefore repair to the House and exercise their liberty in choosing a Speaker, and he trusted they would initiate their work in love and harmony with one another.

That this alarm of Bernardi was not unfounded is seen from the dispatch, November 26th, 1655, of Sagredo, the Extraordinary Ambassador (partly reproduced in Appendix, translated from the original and inedited Document IV), where we find written: "If the Catholic princes knew what is being deliberated, they would cease fighting with one another

[1] These words of Cromwell's confirm what can be deduced with absolute certainty from many other elements. To gather under his moral, and perhaps political, Protectorate all the Protestants in the world, was his constant aspiration. The documents, many of which are inedited and unknown, found by us, agree in this particular, which is also alarming for Catholic nations. Bernardi in his ciphered letter of January 17th, 1656 (Appendix, Document V), writes "that it is time for Catholic Princes to give heed to their affairs. Unfortunately, I know this too well."

and would think of themselves and of their religion."

Bernardi, in several letters, insists on this, and seems sure, also owing to the confirmation contained in the Sagredo dispatch, February 2nd, 1626, that Cromwell loved to be called not only Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, but also "Protector of the Protestant religion."

THE House then elected as Speaker, Lenthall, who had been Speaker in the Long Parliament, and who had given the famous reply to the King when he was asked whether the five members, accused, were present. Also to the other offices in the House were appointed men who had occupied them in the revolutionary Parliament. The business of the House had scarcely begun when symptoms of independence were apparent. In order to prevent tardy motives of ineligibility being brought forward to expel undesirable members, it was noted that any exceptions taken to the validity of the members must be presented within three days. On the motion of one member, it was also noted that the legal penalties for Crimes of State, and insults to the person of the Protector, should not be applicable to speeches pronounced in Parliament. Cromwell's friends, numerous in the House, uneasily noticed such signs of independence in the members who, after four days, reached the point of making the Instrument of Government the subject of

discussion, debating, namely, as to whether it was opportune to maintain the formula of Government settled in a single person and Parliament. Put to the vote whether a debate on this point—one of the fundamentals of the *régime*—should be held, the motion was approved by a slight majority.

The shades of the Long Parliament were returning ; the same persons, the same vindication of rights, no longer against the King but against Cromwell. The tragic situation was renewed at the point where it had been interrupted by the Civil War.

Cromwell was irritated and dismayed at such doings. In the ten days of its existence, Parliament had already manifested too great a spirit of freedom. And on the morning of September 13th, the members, arriving at Westminster for the usual sitting, found the doors barred and Cromwell's soldiers encamped around them, and they were informed that His Highness awaited them in the Painted Chamber. On their entrance he made no attempt to conceal his irritation. As soon as the room was full, he, without any preamble, began his speech.[1]

" . . . It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and com-

[1] The text of the speech is summed up in the *Calendar State Papers* and given, from a private edition by Carlyle, op. cit., Speech III.

fort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble, to let me into my discourse, for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished with all my heart there had been no cause for it.

"At our former meeting I did acquaint you with what was the first rise of this Government, which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said, You were a Free Parliament. And truly so you are—whilst you own the government and authority which called you hither. But certainly that word 'Free Parliament' implied a reciprocity or it implied nothing at all. Indeed, there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable. But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office. Which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have always been of this mind, since I first entered upon my office. If God will not bear it up, let it sink! But if a duty be incumbent upon me to bear my testimony unto it (which in modesty I have hitherto forborne) I am in some measure necessitated thereunto. And therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

"I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place. Of that God is witness—and I have many witnesses who, I do believe, could lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that. Namely, that I called not myself to this place. . . ."

He pronounced these words and repeated them with emphasis, insisting then that his calling came from God and his testimony from the people, and continued:

"God and the people shall take it from me, else I will not part with it. I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the people of

these nations, if I did. . . . I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the nation: to serve in Parliament and others, and not to be over tedious I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and His people's interest, and to the Commonwealth, having, when time was, a competent acceptation in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. . . ."

After speaking a little longer of himself, Cromwell recalls his speech to the Little Parliament, and repeats his reasons for effecting his first *coup d'état*—reasons which all had already listened to several times—and reminds his hearers of the so-called Parliament, nominated by himself, which, he declared, ought to have freed him from the burden of his office.

"A desire perhaps, I am afraid, sinful enough, to be quit of the power God had most clearly by His providence put into my hands, before he called me to lay it down; before those honest ends of our fighting were attained and settled."

The results of that attempt had been unfortunate and disappointing, so that the members had resigned and entrusted to him all the powers of State.

"And I can say it, in the presence of divers persons here, who do know whether I lie in that, that I did not know one tittle of that Resignation till they all came and brought it and delivered it into my hands."

Not all those present were convinced of these

truths, but Cromwell proceeded, recalling with minute details his assumption to the Protectorate, the vast " consensus " obtained from all the functionaries of State, and the collaboration of these in preparing the Instrument of Government. With dialectic ability, he then passed to the question of the elections and the acceptance of their nomination by the members of that constitution. He reminded them how the elections had taken place according to the rules of that constitution; the text of the Instrument of Government had been issued along with the writs for the elections, and the members of Parliament in accepting their nomination, assented to the Instrument, and undertook to observe it and respect it.

" Yea, surely—and, this being so, though I told you in my last speech that you were a Free Parliament, yet I thought it was understood withal that I was the Protector, and the Authority that called you. That I was in possession of the Government, by a good right from God and men! And I believe if the learnedest men in this nation were called to show a precedent, equally clear, of a Government so many ways approved of, they would not in all their search find it."

For this reason, the dictator concluded, he considered himself fully justified in what he had done and said! He found it necessary, however, to add something more, in order to prove the necessity of a fixed and moderating authority to provide against the danger of the

preponderance of any special faction in Parliament, and the necessity of someone to control the use that an assembly might make of the army, *especially* of the army.

Such elegant sophisms, in justification of absolute power, were pronounced by Cromwell with ardent conviction and in an inspired tone; but he had no illusion as to the persuasive power of his words, and, therefore, he demanded proof of the "consensus" of his hearers, as well as a pledge of their obedience, and concluded his speech as follows:

"I had a thought within myself that it would not have been dishonest nor dishonourable against true liberty, no, not the liberty of Parliaments, if, when a Parliament was so chosen, in pursuance of this Instrument of Government, and in conformity to it, and with such an approbation and consent to it—some owning of your call and the Authority which brought you hither, had been required before your entrance into the House. This was declined and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe the people who sent you least of all doubted thereof. And therefore I must deal plainly with you. What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you necessitate unto me now. Seeing the Authority which called you is so little valued, and so much slighted;—till some such assurance be given and made known, that the Fundamental Interest shall be settled and approved according to the Provision in the Writ of Return, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same is accepted, I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the Parliament House. I am

sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death that there is cause for this." [1]

He then informed them that, by giving their assent and subscription to a declaration of agreement in Fundamentals to the form of Government then settled, they should again be admitted to the House.

In the lobby outside the Parliament door, a table was placed and there the members were to go and sign the declaration. The will of Cromwell was quite clear—he meant to have a legislative Parliament, which, however, was not to put obstacles in the way of the *régime*, or debate on its validity ; an obedient, submissive Parliament, to carry out the will of its master. The assembly broke up, the members writhing under Cromwell's lash, and the mortification inflicted on them. Some of them stopped in the lobby and looked at the document to be signed. It ran as follows :

" I do hereby freely promise and engage myself, to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland ; and shall not (according to the tenor of the Indenture whereby I am returned to serve in the present Parliament) propose, or give my consent, to alter the Government, as it is settled in a Single Person and a Parliament."

Of four hundred members scarcely more than

[1] The scene is amply described by all historians in the same way. See Ludlow, Thurloe and the reports of Bernardi (Letter 68, Prayer Collection).

a hundred signed the first day; others placed their signatures to it the day after, when an unofficial propaganda had attempted to limit its significance. About a hundred members, among whom Bradshaw, the ex-President of the Court of Justice, preferred to resign rather than submit to the humiliating command.

Parliament, thus bereft of its worthiest members, resumed, however, its sittings.

Cromwell could have no doubts about being under Divine protection.

The Lord of Hosts, so often invoked by him before battle, had always been favourable to him. It was natural, therefore, that he should repeatedly declare that he had reached eminence and supreme power by the Grace of God. Of this no believer addressing another believer could doubt. But when he, to justify himself, and to claim that his actions were legitimate, called as witnesses the people, he himself must have had grave doubts. The people were hostile to him. That group of servile officers and officials who surrounded him, applauding every word and act of his, could not be said to be the representatives of the will of the country. In spite of their hosannahs, he well knew what they were.

For one in good faith, there were ten seeking their own interests—persons who had served the King till they had seen his cause lost and

had then hastened into the ranks of the victor; others who had always been traitors, ambitious, or speculators—petty creatures, without character, ready always to turn to the star of the hour, from fear, timidity, or pusillanimity. But the people—the real people—who had been with him in his struggles against Charles I's despotism, the soldiers in his first cavalry regiment, his companions in the Association of the Eastern Counties, the London Puritans who had acclaimed his victories over Scotland and Ireland—those who were the real people were hostile to him. And Cromwell was aware of this, knew that his life was threatened, that new conspiracies were being formed, that the army itself was pervaded with the spirit of rebellion: and so, on seeing the hundred members depart who had not undergone the humiliation of signing his document, he must have thought their number was too great for them not to represent a multitude of foes. But he thought also what Tacitus had written when judging a situation similar to his—namely, that he had the wolf by the throat, and he dared not let it go, because to slacken his grip meant being devoured. No, it was necessary, rather, to tighten his hold.

And then, he hoped, some great enterprise, some immense success among all those he dreamt of and which, with God's help, he would yet

accomplish, might still persuade his worst enemies that his government was good, wise, useful and necessary. Meanwhile he must gird his loins for the struggle. It was necessary to distrust every one : there were military leaders in Scotland and Ireland to be dismissed : he ordered them home, questioned them, had them arrested. He himself, with his own hand, wrote letters containing orders on delicate matters to his generals. It was he who saw to everything, who disposed of everything. He had a trusted secretary, Thurloe, but everything could not be told even to him. The autumn of 1654 was sad indeed for Cromwell. First, he suffered from a slight illness caused by an incident which happened to him while driving; then a great sorrow fell on him—namely, the death of his beloved mother at ninety-four years of age, on November 10th.

She had always been a consolation to her son, even though he knew she had suffered continual anxiety for him. Every time she had heard a shot fired, she had started, fearing her Oliver had been killed. She departed in a gloomy hour for the Protector, when he was in the most serious danger, when Parliament was manifesting diffidence towards him, when his dream of pacification and grandeur was far from being realized. He, however, gave himself no respite ; in all the dockyards of England

ships were being built for the fleet, the formidable instrument of war for the dominion of his people on the seas, where the future of England lay, where empire was awaiting her.

No one knew against whom war was being prepared, and the foreign ambassadors were uneasy. There were rumours of a hundred and forty large ships under the command of Blake, the conqueror of the Dutch. Part of the fleet was bound for the Mediterranean: the war, therefore, was not to be against France, as had been thought; but nobody could find out anything about it.[1]

The taciturn Lord Protector kept aloof from public haunts, dedicating himself entirely to his heavy task, in his immense palace, Whitehall. But Parliament was still sitting, meaning to show it existed, and it went on debating, and, under the pressure of public opinion, again discussed the Instrument of Government for what concerned the election of members, the choice of candidates, and the other articles, not excluding that on the extent of the functions of the Lord Protector, and his appointment in case of a vacancy; the debates giving rise to questions highly irritating to Cromwell and his adherents. The Act of Government, however,

[1] On the reserve characteristic of Cromwell's government, see Sagredo's dispatch, November 26th, in the Appendix, Document VI.

forbade the dissolution of the House until six months after its election, so until the end of the following February it might hope to continue its operations.

Cromwell, then, was too intent on his foreign policy to give much heed to Parliament, attempting as he was with Mazarin to make a treaty with France. The negotiations with the astute Cardinal were difficult, but, fortunately, the illustrious prelate's Catholicism was not intransigent, and there were hopes of coming to an agreement. Cromwell was demanding much from French pride: there were accounts to be rendered for reciprocal damages suffered on the seas, and it was agreed to refer the matter to the arbitration of the Hamburg Senate. Then, there was the painful question of the English Royalist refugees in France whom Cromwell insisted on being expelled and no longer afforded shelter and succour, Mazarin consenting even to this, providing there was no claim made to their being delivered to their foes. Cromwell's third demand, concerning a part of his grand scheme—the Union of all Protestants—was still more daring; nothing less than to be recognized as the protector of the French Huguenots, with the right of assisting them, should they be persecuted. Mazarin replied that his demand might be granted, provided the French King was acknowledged as

protector of the Catholics in the English Commonwealth and of Parliament if necessary.[1]

On this point an agreement was impossible, but, during the negotiations, a rupture with France might be feared, and, then, it would seem opportune to strengthen the fleet, which was what Cromwell desired.

Only a few days remained till Parliament reached the end of its five months' existence, and the sittings went on, the tone of mistrust towards the Lord Protector prevailing in them being highly offensive to him, but stimulating to the ardour and hopes of his adversaries.

Cromwell's projects were still veiled in secrecy; troops arrived in London; artillery was placed around the Protector's residence, while the fleet, left at home after the departure of the Squadron for the Mediterranean, now sailed away westward with 8,000 soldiers, officials, besieging apparatus, etc., on board, no one knowing whither it was bound or what was its aim.

Cromwell was impenetrable. He gave a solemn, magnificent audience to the Genoese Ambassador, Ugo Fiesco, and, with him, laid the foundations of an agreement which guaranteed for the Mediterranean Fleet the hospitality of the port of Genoa, the fleet protecting, on

[1] A minute letter of the extraordinary ambassador of Genoa given in the Appendix (Document VII) furnishes information of these negotiations found in no histories of the period.

its side, the Genoese merchantmen. Genoa demanded more, but Cromwell refused any definite promise and was in no hurry to conclude the negotiations. Indeed, he had other matters to think of—Parliament had to be dissolved.

Once more, on January 22nd, the members were in the usual way forbidden to enter the House, and requested to betake themselves to the usual hall and listen to the Protector's words.

His speech, which was very long, is, unlike the former ones, published complete, in an official edition, from which we can infer the authenticity of the text of the others, as Cromwell often repeats himself.

He returned to the past and, having mentioned the reasons why he had been dissatisfied, immediately after the first sittings of Parliament, and the order he had given them to sign the declaration of submission to the *régime*, he reminded the members that, after all, he had not taken much interest in them, which was not very flattering to Parliament, especially as he added :

" As I may not take notice of what you have been doing ; so I think I have a very great liberty to tell you that I do not know what you have been doing ! I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard of you all this time, I have not ; and that you all know ! "

The little, however, that Parliament had done, had served to nourish the hopes of Oliver's opponents ; in fact he continued as follows :

"There be some trees that will not grow under the shadow of other trees: there be some that choose—a man may say so by way of allusion—to thrive under the shadow of other trees. I will tell you what hath thriven—I will not say what you have cherished under your shadow; that were too hard. Instead of Peace and Settlement—instead of mercy and truth being brought together, and righteousness and peace kissing each other, by 'your' reconciling the honest people of these nations, and settling the woful distempers that are amongst us, which had been glorious things and worthy of Christians to have proposed—weeds and nettles, briers and thorns have thriven under your shadow. Dissettlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction together with real dangers to the whole have been more multiplied within these five months of your sitting than in some years before. Foundations have also been laid for the renewing future of the troubles of these nations by all the enemies of them abroad and at home. Let not these words seem too sharp, for they are true as any mathematical demonstrations are, or can be."

He then expatiated on the vast Royalist conspiracy on one side, which was being prepared with immense stores of arms and money, and of the Republican plot on the other, which was sowing discord in the army, painting both in fearsome colours and laying the responsibility of all on Parliament. He then touched on the accusations directed against him in the debates in the House, and solemnly denied that of wishing to make the Lord Protectorship hereditary; then related once more how he had consented to assume supreme power. He was evidently

no longer so sure that his office had come to him from God and the people, as he inserted "necessity" instead of "people." His reasonings, however, were weak and he began to argue with his adversaries.

"But if any man shall object: It is an easy thing to talk of necessities, when men create necessities: would not the Lord Protector make himself great, and his family great? Doth not he make these necessities? and then he will come upon the people with his argument of necessity."

"... But I have not yet known what it is 'to make necessities,' whatsoever the thoughts or judgments of men are. And I say this not only to the Assembly but to the world. That the man liveth not who can come to me and charge me with having, in these great revolutions, 'made necessities.'"

God only had directed all and disposed everything for the best. It was men and, especially, the members of Parliament, who alone had erred. They alone had failed in their duty, wasting time in debates on the constitution, and neglecting the needs of the country, discontenting the army and even omitting to provide the wages of the soldiers. His hearers understood perfectly well, by then, that wilfully unjust accusations had been brought against them when out of the House, so that they could make no reply to them; and when Cromwell pronounced the end of his speech, declaring Parliament to be dissolved, no one was surprised.

THE MILITARY DICTATORSHIP

In February and March, 1645–6, England was seething with revolt; arms were discovered even in the City, while in the counties the Royalists made no secret of their intentions: King Charles was ready to return and lead a new civil war. And, on the other side, Wildmann, one of the members who had abandoned the House on the famous day of the signatures, was at the head of another Republican plot in which were concerned well-known men, formerly Cromwell's comrades-in-arms.

Both conspiracies were discovered, Thurloe, the indefatigable Secretary, having his eyes open, and many arrests were made—so many that there was not room in the Tower for the prisoners, some of whom were confined in the dungeons of Whitehall.

But that was not all: at Salisbury, the Royalist rebels took possession of the city, levied troops and sent bands around to incite the country to revolt; defeat, however, awaited them. This attempt helped to increase the number of State prisoners, but forty of the

officers implicated and ringleaders were hanged and quartered in Salisbury itself, where, for a short time, they had been masters. It being impossible and impolitic to give the public the spectacle of innumerable political trials, the minor conspirators were, without further legal proceedings, deported to Barbados in the Antilles.

Terror now reigned among the people; funds were needed for the army and fleet and the conspiracies furnished a good pretext for confiscations, which brought money flowing in. The method was extended, and ended in a systematic decimation of the property of all those who had sided with the monarchy.

This benefited the Treasury and pleased one part of the Puritans, but increased the general discontent and hatred for the Government. A strict vigilance was exercised over the country, which was divided into zones, each with a Major-General over it, the faithful executor of Cromwell's orders. Oppression weighed darkly and heavily on English life. Suspicion and distrust lurked everywhere. Cromwell, a prey to anxiety, prohibited all public amusements such as theatres and races; "but," writes the Venetian Ambassador to his Government, "because every small gathering of people is enough to cause him apprehension." [1]

[1] See Sagredo's report to the Venetian Senate in Appendix, and the dispatch of the same envoy, December 22nd, 1655. (Appendix, Document VIII.)

"His faithful friends" (it is still the Ambassador who writes) "insist on his never sleeping in the same room and frequently changing his bed, for fear of some mine."

The Protector's health was affected, fits of trembling seized him occasionally; his writing became shaky; often atrocious pains in his stomach or bowels kept him in bed and obliged him to postpone important State appointments.[1]

[1] During this illness, Cromwell, "on the advice of his Physicians and Surgeons," was induced to call in a Doctor Mollins, "celebrated, but quite opposed to the actual Government," as Bernardi writes. The learned physician's opposition and frank speech were tolerated, thanks to his qualities. His treatment was quite successful, and Cromwell recovered from an attack of what seemed gravel in the bladder. When he was dismissing the doctor, the latter exclaimed: "Wait a moment, I have not ended yet: your disease will return unless you allow me to treat you as you have treated England—namely, turn you upside down twice." And he did so. Cromwell laughed, and wishing to remunerate him, said, "Ask what you like and you shall have it." The Physician replied, "I want nothing, not having attended you out of love but only because obliged to: I only want a drink." He was taken to the cellars in order to taste all the wines, and this eccentric doctor drank a little of each to the health of Charles Stuart. The servants, dismayed, informed Cromwell of this, and he replied: "Let him alone; he is mad; he has done good to me and I will not harm him!" Next day he sent him £1,000 as a fee, begging him to accept it in the name of King Charles.

James Mollins was a surgeon who, with Fenton and Aubert, was licensed by the College of Physicians to

But now he could not escape his fate: the wolf was struggling to get free and howling, and his grasp was forced to tighten on its throat, lest he himself should be devoured. And did he cease, his glorious dream would not be realized. For the liberty of which he had bereft the people it was necessary to give them a compensation, the only one to keep them quiet—namely, glory. It is the fate of all dictators to attempt to justify themselves through such arduous means.

It seemed, however, as if Cromwell were to be successful. London had become the centre of the world; the Protector was looked upon by all as the man on whom the destinies of the world depended; embassies followed one another to the capital and none were sent in return, though all were received with regal pomp. From all sides gifts and homage arrived. Cromwell was known to be preparing for war, but nobody succeeded in learning against whom, and therefore all feared him and tried to ingratiate themselves with him at the same time. But no word did he utter. Since the Dutch

administer internal medicines in surgical diseases. He was the leading lithotomist of his time, and was "Surgeon for the stone" at St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, then the only hospitals in London. He died in 1686 and was buried in the vestibule of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, where his monument describes him as "a Master in Chirurgy and servant to their Majesties King Charles II and King James III."—*Medical Press*, October 2nd, 1929.

victory, no one had been able to divine his plans. It was known only that the fleet was sailing over the Ocean towards the Antilles—an English possession. But in America there were also the vast colonial dominions of France, Spain and Portugal, and none could guess against whom the expedition was directed. The negotiations with France continued; the Spanish Ambassador was still in London, though grave dissension between the two countries was spoken of. In the Mediterranean, the fleet was cruising under Blake's command.

THE PROTECTOR OF THE PROTESTANTS

The union of the Protestant Churches under the Protectorate of London was a splendid dream, such as to allure the pious spirits of the Puritans, with its blending of religion and politics, as well as to justify the nature of a divine mission which Cromwell was fond of claiming for his work. Now, though the Protestants in all the world turned to London with legitimate pride, this was but a casual though logical coincidence and, by no means, the result of any positive acts constituting the longed-for unity, or justifying the illusion that in London had risen the antithesis of Rome. Even though the French Huguenots, German Lutherans and Swiss Calvinists saw in Cromwell the champion of the Protestants, they did not acknowledge any direct authority of his over them; and above all, any right on his part to claim such authority was opposed by the legitimate governments of the various countries inhabited by Protestants.

An audacious attack, an actual intervention in favour of non-Catholic Christians, had been

possible only against Carlo Emmanuel II, the weak Duke of Savoy, when he, in one of the then periodical crises of religious intolerance, had carried on a fierce persecution against the Waldensians of Piedmont, who had sent despairing appeals for help to Holland, to the Swiss reformed Cantons, and to Cromwell. The Dutch Ambassador supported their appeal to the dictator. As they seemed fated to be exterminated by the ferocity of the Duke's troops, allied with those of France, Cromwell requested the French Government to intervene in favour of the Waldensians, but either Mazarin did not approve of this or, in any case, put obstacles in its way. Cromwell then transmitted to the Mediterranean fleet, commanded by Blake, the order to sail to Savona, a port of the Duke of Savoy, and intimate to him the revocation of his measures against the Waldensians and the restitution of their property; and, should they refuse, to open hostilities.[1] The naval demonstration

[1] The English intervention in favour of the Waldensians subject to the Duke of Savoy, which was not limited to the naval demonstration at Savona, but continued long after, reminds us of one of the darkest and most tragic pages of the Italian history of that time. Cromwell's activity was constant. Again, in 1668, he addressed a noble message in Latin (perhaps the work of Milton) to the young Louis XIV, requesting him to induce the Duke of Savoy to treat the Waldensians more humanely (Letter 225 in Carlyle, Vol. III, May 26, 1658).

The facts which occasioned such energetic and repeated

proved efficacious, and after long discussions, the Waldensians were granted the possibility of living in their own valleys, where they still dwell.

But this easy display of force against the

action on Cromwell's part were, indeed, grave and such as to move, as they did, the whole of Europe. They can be reconstructed as follows: The Waldensians, who for ages had lived in the Piedmontese valleys of Lucerna, Angrogna and Pellice, had always been subject to alternate periods of toleration and persecution, enduring the latter with incredible courage, and remaining faithful to the Evangelic religion professed by them. The persecution had occasionally become real guerilla warfare, the Waldensians arming and defending themselves against the ducal and mercenary troops, favoured by the insidious character of the country they lived in.

The last of these guerilla wars seemed to have ended in a pacification which renewed certain decrees, bestowing on the Waldensians the right to live freely in their valleys and practise their religion, when a most ferocious persecution was again suddenly begun.

During the early youth of Duke Carlo Emmanuel II, the Regency was held by his mother Cristina, who was dominated by religious scruples and was under the influence of prelates and inquisitors who, in Turin, had instituted a Committee for the "Propaganda of the faith and the extinction of heresy."

This Committee was doubtless the instigator of the persecution which took place during the Regency and not guiltless of that in 1655, which Charles Emmanuel II, then twenty-four years old, had let himself be persuaded to carry out.

The decree, which began the persecution, was dated January 25th, 1655, and was issued by a Dr. Gastaldo,

weak Duke of Savoy was not enough to surround Cromwell with glory. Nor was the fact of the succour requested by and given to the Waldensians, a sign of the wished-for Union of the Protestants. His standards, he felt, would

a sort of civil and religious prefect on whom depended the valleys inhabited by the Waldensians. It enjoined them to quit a great part of the territories where they were tolerated, and betake themselves within three days to the villages Bobbio, Villar Angrogna, Roca and Bonnets.

"Those resisting," says the decree, "found outside the said bounds, shall incur the penalty of death and the confiscation of their goods, unless they give proof of having been converted to Catholicism and having sold their goods to Catholics."

The cruelty of such an order, the brevity of the time granted for the transportation of the people and their goods, in the middle of winter, in the mountains, filled the Waldensians with dismay, and though many only implored the Duke and his mother, Madame Cristina, to have pity, many others doubtless thought of taking up arms in rebellion, though the Waldensian historians deny it. But the denial can scarcely be believed, for what necessity was there to send immense military forces into the valleys to force the carrying out of the decree if the protests against it were limited to letters and missions to Turin?

It is certain, instead, that in April, the forces of the Duke were assailed at various points and suffered great losses. They were commanded by Marquis Pianezza, who was accused of having organized the massacre of the Waldensians with a fearful and cynical trick. Calling the Waldensians leaders to Torre Pellice on April 21st, he induced them to yield to the commands of Gastaldo,

have to be borne elsewhere and, did they return victorious, then, what his friends were murmuring might seem logical—namely, that a royal or imperial crown should consecrate his power.

saying they need not fear the troops, who were indeed sent to keep order against anyone with ill intentions; he then asked the villagers to lodge the detachments of soldiers, guaranteeing that they would commit no act of hostility. The Waldensian leaders yielded, and according to Leger, the most reliable historian who himself took part in those events, the troops settled down tranquilly, without any incidents, in the various villages.

It is difficult to know what happened in the following days. The Waldensians say nothing did, and declare that the massacre was prearranged in cold blood. The Catholic historians, authors of a circular published in defence of the troops shortly after, assert that the forces encamped there suspected they had been entrapped, on seeing they were divided and surrounded by armed Waldensians. The fact is that on the morning of April 24th, as if obeying a simultaneous order, the soldiers began the massacre which Leger describes in fearful colours.

"Almost all the innocent creatures who were in the power of those cannibals had their throats cut like sheep in the shambles; they were not put to the sword like conquered foes, nor executed by a hangman like the most infamous criminals, because a massacre on such lines would not have given sufficient proof of the zeal of the general, or done honour enough to the executors. Children were snatched from their mothers' breasts, seized by the feet and dashed against the rocks or the walls of the houses, or cut in two by the soldiers, who used the lacerated limbs to strike their mothers with. The sick and old, men and women, were burned alive in the houses set on

Various great plans had been ventilated. The Venetians were being menaced by the Turks and made no mystery of their hopes that Blake's fleet in the Mediterranean might become their precious ally; to open negotiations con-

fire; or cut to pieces or bound with their heads between their knees and rolled down the precipice; maidens were violated and then stoned to death, or tortured by having gunpowder thrust into wounds in their bodies and set fire to; others were impaled, naked, as if crucified, on the waysides."

The description goes on for twenty pages in Leger's history, with a crescendo of horrors, the truth of which is undoubted, as news of them on reaching foreign countries roused immense indignation in a time when for such matters people were not easily moved. Four days later the Swiss Protestant Cantons were informed of the slaughter and efforts were at once made to succour the survivors,[1] while a diplomatic mission, headed by Colonel Wyss of Berne, was sent to Turin to intercede with the Duke and Madame Cristina in favour of the unhappy Waldensians; contemporaneously, the same Swiss Cantons informed the Chanceries of the Protestant states of the events. Subscriptions and support were obtained from the King of Sweden, the Elector Palatine, the Elector of Brandenburg, the Landgrave of Hessen-Cassel, and, above all, from England and Holland. Cromwell, besides taking other diplomatic measures and ordering the Naval demonstration, sent Lord Morland to Turin, to ascertain the facts and give succour, and to remonstrate with the Duke to whom he had also personally addressed a letter.

The diplomatic mission of Lord Morland was followed

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[1] *Monastier Histoire de l'Eglise Vaudoise*, Vol. II, p. 31.

cerning which, Giovanni Sagredo, then Ambassador in Paris, was sent to London on a special mission. He was a man, rough in his ways and extremely sincere; he came from the French Court where Cromwell was distrusted, and though his reception was most solemn, and he was shown all respect, he did not deceive himself. It might appeal to the dictator to become the champion of a war against the possessors of the Holy Sepulchre and thus humiliate the Catholics, but Sagredo understood that an eventual victory would not be sufficient compensation for the difficulties of war in a distant

by other efforts both of the English and the Dutch, and at last, through the intervention of Louis XIV, an agreement was come to on August 18th, and the Duke renewed the pacts of tolerance in favour of the Waldensians. This did not signify a definite pacification. Guerilla warfare and rebellions went on alternating with periods of peace until the progress of civilization and the principles of the French Revolution became an inalienable part of modern social life, and made a free confession of their faith possible also for the Waldensians. Regarding Cromwell s intervention in favour of the Waldensians, Leti, in his work already frequently mentioned, gives a letter addressed by the Protector to the Duke of Savoy, not found in any other collection. Leti adds that the Duke refused to read it because the address did not bear the title of Royal Highness, which was his due (Leti, Vol. II, pp. 399 *et seq.*). Also the letters of the Venetian Ambassador Sagredo, and particularly that of February 2nd, 1626, inedited, confirms, with abundance of details, the intervention of England in favour of the Waldensians.

land, which would weaken Cromwell's situation in respect of his two possible enemies near at hand, namely, Spain and France. Therefore Sagredo, as he himself had foreseen, failed in his mission, and left England, certain, by then, that Cromwell's aims were directed against Spain, her wealth and her overseas empire ; he having provided against any danger with France through an alliance, in which he had renounced many of his former demands.

The war with Spain, proclaimed as a Holy War against the fortress of Catholicism, of the Inquisition, of the Jesuits, was also a war against the country in which the Royalists and all those desirous of the ruin of Protestantism and the English Reformation, had placed their trust.

The war, however, had been virtually going on for several months before it had been officially declared. The Ocean fleet had bombarded Jamaica and landed there, taking possession of the flourishing Spanish colony ; had also attempted to take San Domingo, but without success, owing, it is said, to the incapacity or weakness of the Commander. When war was declared, the conquest of Jamaica was an accomplished fact, and Penn, the Commander of the fleet, had already returned to London, where he was quarrelling with his colleague Venables, whom he blamed for the defeat at San Domingo.

Cromwell had them both arrested.[1] The preparations for the war were carried on with great intensity, and Blake was ordered to the coasts of Spain; the Ocean fleet and the other, constructed in the English dockyards, were ready to assail the foe on the Atlantic over which Spain's ships passed, bearing to her the precious tributes of her American colonies. To strengthen the anti-Catholic colour given to the Spanish enterprise, Cromwell formed an alliance with Sweden and published abroad that whoever was in war against the Catholics might demand aid of the English—aid which Cromwell promised rather than supplied or was able to supply. One success after another crowned the efforts of the English fleet; galleons laden with gold and silver were captured on the seas; the Spanish suffered various partial defeats, and one more serious, in which the booty taken by the English was immense. Such news served

[1] The strange story of these two admirals is thus narrated in a letter of October 8th, 1635, inedited, of the Ambassador Sagredo:

Admiral Penn, arriving at London first, was convinced that Admiral Venables had been wrecked and drowned, therefore in his report he blamed him for the defeat at San Domingo, casting serious aspersions also on his conduct. When Venables instead arrived a few days later he was informed of Penn's accusations, which he indignantly turned against Penn himself and with interest. Hence Cromwell's decision to arrest both.

in London to raise the low spirits of the population for a time and to increase the prestige of Cromwell. He, however, did not deceive himself; he knew that the only safe means of government for him was force: on every side new plots and new perils arose caused by the country's intolerance of his arbitrary power.

THE REOPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THERE was one point on which the dictator's claims to the legality of his acts was unallowable—namely, the right to levy taxes. The risk of modifying this point, one of the "fundamentals" of the Revolution, had not been taken, as the Civil War had been justified precisely because the King claimed to act without Parliament in this extremely delicate government operation. The Spanish War and Cromwell's expensive policy required funds, the booty made and the confiscations not sufficing. Parliament, therefore, had to be summoned once more to vote the means necessary for the continuation of the Protector's grand policy. And considerably before the time fixed by the Instrument of Government, Cromwell issued the writs for the new elections. Under a military government, the various regions being in the hands of the governing Major-Generals, the elections did not, by any means, reflect the opinion of the country. Still, though persons who had notoriously passed to the opposition, as combative Republicans, such as Bradshaw, Vane,

and Ludlow, were excluded, many less known, owing to the little opportunity they had had of expressing their ideas, were elected, and were not at all inclined to support Cromwell and his methods. When the dictator, on September 17th, 1656, assembled the new Parliament for the first time with the usual gorgeous ceremony, among the four hundred members he found, indeed, many relatives and friends, but also a courageous number of opponents still existing, in spite of the many executions, imprisonments and deportations which had taken place.

The inaugural speech was held in the Painted Chamber on a warm September day, and the heat, perhaps, which recalled his first speech to the Little Parliament, induced Cromwell to promise to be brief. But his brevity was always relative, and his harangue lasted for two hours in the sultry atmosphere; the predominating subject of it being the war against Spain—England's great and natural enemy.

Taking the entire responsibility of the declaration of this war on himself, he justified it with a documentation of past and recent history.

He then depicted the dangers incurred by the country owing to the existence of enemies at home, natural allies of those abroad.

After several digressions on the succession of tumults and plots aimed at his person, he then endeavoured to justify the measures taken,

including that of the Major-Generals, which had roused the greatest hostility, and concluded, recommending that the war should be carried on with great alacrity, and showing in what difficulties the Treasury was, which difficulties Parliament was called upon to eliminate. He, finally, requested, affirming the necessity of it, a complete agreement between the two organs of government—the Protector and Parliament. Cromwell's speech, slow, heavy and full of useless Biblical quotations, left his hearers uneasy. Something had been omitted which they were to understand immediately after.

The members were about to enter the House in order to elect the Speaker, when they were stopped and requested to provide themselves with a certificate, numbers of which were being distributed, and without which they could not take part in the work of Parliament. The Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery had prepared the certificate, of which we give a copy :

"County of . . . These are to certify that . . . is returned by Indenture one of the Knights to serve in the present Parliament for the said County and approved by his Highness's Council. Nath. Taylor, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery."

The members were amazed, and their amazement increased when they found that there were no certificates for a hundred or so among them,

who were, therefore, excluded from Parliament. Protests were raised, and a manifesto, signed by the members excluded, was distributed in the city. One cannot insult the English people by believing the assertion of Carlyle, that the arrival of wagon-loads of booty taken from the Spanish galleons, largely compensated them for this new insult offered to their wretched Parliament.

We have here but the continuation of a tragic pretence. After the dissolution of the last legal Parliament, Cromwell, again for the third time, played the comedy of forming a Parliament; after a direct and personal nomination, the method of the elections followed; but by dismissing the first Parliament, dissolving the second after five months, and expelling his adversaries by imposing on them a written declaration of adherence to his *régime*, and finally reducing the third to a mere semblance of a House by giving admittance only to members pleasing to himself, he proved his intention of not supporting any limitations to his despotic will.

This was now clear, and from the absolutely dictatorial character assumed by his government sprang the hatred directed against him—a hatred which drew together in the same conspiracy men of different and sometimes opposite creeds, but who all saw in the disappearance

of Cromwell the possibility of a change for the better—whether monarchial with the return of the Stuarts, a parliamentary republic, or one of Leveller extremists, depended on the Utopias and systems which the innumerable Protestant sects went about preaching.

The history of this session of the Second Parliament is full of conspiracies, plots and ferocious repressions. Indeed, there is such uninterrupted news of such things that it has been doubted whether they really happened.[1]

The police of the dictator saw a plot in every manifestation of dissent, an attempt at the Protector's life in every gathering of persons known not to be friendly to him. It is strange, indeed, that all those supposed conspiracies were always discovered, and yet never succeeded in committing any real act to justify the accusation brought against them. Certainly it is not to be excluded that some madman or fanatics did think of assassinating Cromwell, as, in all ages, there have been those labouring under the illusion that a murderous weapon is enough to resolve political situations, but the fact is that Cromwell's person was never harmed by any attempt against him. A soldier taken

[1] In a letter of January 26th, 1657, Francesco Giovarina, giving detailed information about the recent attempts, expresses explicitly the supposition that it was all a question of invention on the part of the police.

prisoner during the war with Scotland is said to have tried to slay him, but there is no proof of this in any reliable document, nor can more importance be given to the tale of a stone thrown at his carriage while he was on his way to open the first Protectorate Parliament.[1]

All this induces us to believe that the observation of a Venetian Ambassador at London was not without foundation. He considered that the pretended conspiracies were only exaggerations, organized out of hatred to Cromwell's adversaries, in order to strike, slay or deport them and confiscate their property.

They were certainly very numerous and found in every class, in every sect. No distinction was made any longer; everywhere the fury of repression found victims; the head of the High Court of Justice which had condemned the King was arrested, and, along with him, nearly all the Republican members of the first Parliament. Generals who had fought with Cromwell for liberty, against the tyranny of the King, guilty of having remained faithful to their principles, were dismissed and many of them arrested. The revolution, the issue of which was tyranny, now devoured its men—the fatal and inevitable end of all revolutions.

[1] Of this incident we find news in the report of the Ambassador Sagredo, already mentioned. It is not confirmed in any history or papers of the time.

The announcement of the discovery of the conspiracies called forth votes of congratulation on the danger escaped—a pretext for manifestations of obedience. The House did not seem to require any such protests to prove its, by then, supine submission to the Protector's will. All that had been done by him was approved and applauded; there was a pretence of criticizing the institution of a military government and the continuation of the powers of the Major-Generals, but there is no doubt that such criticism was desired by Cromwell, who wanted an excuse for diminishing the prestige of those military governors, some of whom were in his way; suffice it to say, that the speeches against them were delivered by Claypole, the son-in-law, and Henry Cromwell, the nephew of the Protector.

There seemed now to be perfect harmony between the Protector and Parliament. Nothing but a memory was left of the former tempests, and nothing but what was willed by Cromwell took place in the English Commonwealth.

It was then that those, who saw in the dictator the man sent by Providence, and who, because of the ancient tradition of their land, were unable to separate the thing from the name, or power from its symbol, thought quite sincerely that with Cromwell a new history and a new dynasty might be considered to have begun, and, therefore, why should the Protector Oliver not change his title to that of King Oliver I ?

With such a radical change the exile, Charles II, would have a definite proof of the end of his reign ; his hopes would be cut short, on seeing himself transformed from a King waiting to win back his throne to a restless and illegal pretender to a throne belonging to another. By this, too, an end would be put to the revolutionary period, and the monarchical tradition of a thousand years would be recovered ; it was but substituting one dynasty with another, beginning then.

Though Cromwell had no ancestors of royal blood, his glories as a warrior might well give him a right to be the first sovereign of a new dynasty.

Many thought so in good faith, while many others, imagining they guessed what was in Oliver's mind, supposed that his evident determination to command, his well-pondered deliberation not to give up his power, concealed without doubt this ambitious aim, and hoped that, perhaps, by satisfying him, and aiding him to reach his goal, they might also extinguish the hatred brooding in so many hearts, and he himself, then more secure of the future, would be able to slacken the pressure of his tyranny.

From the counties came appeals to the members of Parliament to request Cromwell to assume the royal title. The House must have felt rather uncertain, on receiving such petitions, as to whether they were spontaneous or were prompted like Henry Cromwell's speeches already referred to. It was in any case difficult to ignore them. A member,[1] one day, formally moved that the crown should be offered to Cromwell, but it was not put to the vote, for reasons known later. It seemed undesirable to isolate the motion, thus reducing it to a mere servile act ; it was preferable that it should come forward in a general discussion on the necessary reforms of the actual constitution, when the re-establishing of the monarchy would

[1] This was a member for Ireland, Colonel Jephson, too zealous and of no importance.

seem an episode and not the principal subject of the debate.

In fact, early in March, 1657, the House discussed whether it was opportune, by re-establishing an Upper House, to redouble Parliament, which should, then, govern along with a single person, whose title was not defined. This Upper House was to consist of men designated by the House of Commons or, at least, pleasing to it. When the debate turned on the title to be given to the single person, a member called Pack, who had already moved a return to the monarchy, insisted on his motion.

To such a project, though quite expected, objections were raised by men whose loyalty was above suspicion, the very friends and relatives of Cromwell exclaiming against it in strong language; the majority, however, decided to present their project to the Protector, requesting him to approve it and to accept the crown of the three kingdoms, now united.

On March 31st, a deputation of the House requested Cromwell to grant them the honour of an audience that they might present to him their "Petition and Advice." The dictator received them and replied in a speech of unusual brevity, which concluded by asking time for reflection.

The House supposed that the delay had

been requested merely to afford time for a closer study of details, but did not imagine there could be any doubt about Cromwell's ultimate consent; they, therefore, nominated a committee of jurists, magistrates and theologians to settle particulars with the Protector. But he refused.

His spirit was not tortured by the unanswerable question:

Quand donc serai—je roi?

as Victor Hugo imagines.

He knew how to appraise facts clearly; this, history plainly shows. Cromwell saw who were in favour of his coronation, and who were opposed to it.

Among the former were the adventurers of the Revolution, the converted Royalists, the ambitious time-servers, who had turned to him after his victories, along with a few ingenuous and deluded spirits. Among the latter were his most trusted friends, his comrades in arms, members of his own family and officers of the army. His was a government founded on force; if, in order to ascend the throne, if, for a mere symbol which would add nothing to his immense power, he were to lose the army, his fate was certain. Charles I had fallen because he had been conquered, because he had no longer force at his command. Perhaps, religious or legal scruples influenced him,

but not strongly. Magistrates and jurists, the "lawyers" whom Cromwell despised, had prepared marvellous arguments able to justify everything. They had gone to him in a solemn assembly to preach him the most amusing sermons.[1]

Did he object that on the evening of Charles I's execution Parliament had voted the office of King to be useless, onerous, and dangerous to liberty, Nathaniel Fiennes, Keeper of the Seal, was ready to reply :—that one Parliament, consulting the welfare of the public, had asked for the suppression of the office and title of King ; another thought it well now to restore them.

Or was the objection that the will of the people had been seen to be completely contrary to the monarchy, and given proof of this with the Long Parliament, there was the respected Lenthall to answer him :—that the Acts of Parliament opposed indeed the dominion of one person and the title of King, but Providence, suppressing one King, had not therefore abolished monarchy.

These plays on words, flattering sophisms, quotations from Scripture, served to intensify the great desire which Cromwell certainly felt to become a king ; still, nothing was able to

[1] Villemain, *Histoire de Cromwell*, IX. Carlyle, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 24 *et seq.*

destroy the fact of the strong, firm, invincible opposition he felt around him.[1]

Though in ill health, suspicious and as vigilant as ever against his enemies, he in those days approached many of his ex-comrades-in-arms, insisting on their speaking frankly, and hoping, perhaps, through his cordiality to reduce their obstinate aversion to the project; he visited them in their homes, tried to be often with them, and came to the conclusion that nothing would avail to convince them; so that when the deputation from Parliament returned again and solemnly offered him the sceptre, they were met with a refusal.

But not even in this refusal did the definitive formula appear. He still hoped that the great adventure would justify everything and permit him all things. So Parliament felt itself authorized to insist again. Cromwell, however, desired to win the crown in another way; he dreamed of it as the bay-crown on Cæsar's

[1] An interesting interpretation of the doubts of Cromwell concerning his assuming the title of King and the debates derived from them is given in a letter of Francesco Giovarina's, of July 16th, 1656, in which he asserts that the discussions concerned not so much the title as the powers to be conferred on Cromwell. Above all, there was, on various sides, lively opposition to the possibility of Cromwell's having legislative powers. Giovarina, unlike others, insists much on this idea, repeating it in various other letters—all in cipher and all unedited.

brow; the simple, almost administrative transferring of the crown lifted from the executed King's head and subtracted from his heir, could not satisfy him. Only when, with his faithful and victorious army around him, he should hear the crowd acclaiming him in his new glory and shouting "God save King Oliver!" would he feel he was a secure and legitimate sovereign: only then feel, that even if not consecrated by any sacred ointment or acknowledged through any rights of royal blood, the real and true investiture was his. Should that take place then, thought he, no one would dare to cross the way of destiny, and he could, indeed, consider he was crowned by the will of God. For even Cromwell in the seventeenth century was able to believe that Kings were Kings by divine right.

Therefore, it was necessary to wait. Then, indeed, he heard no acclamations; only the deep rumbling of revolt.[1]

It assumed many forms, all of which, however, barred his way to the throne. A group of officers, for instance, decided one day to present a petition to the House, denouncing those who were soliciting Cromwell to assume the title of King, as his enemies inspired by

[1] Bernardi's letters (Appendix, Documents IX to XIII) give an interesting account of these alternations and of the aspirations of Cromwell.

the sole desire of rendering him hateful to the people and thus ruining him; besides these forms, apparently benevolent, another was discovered in a vast league whose aim seemed to be to terrorize London with a general massacre of Cromwell's partisans. This plot, discovered on April 21st, must, with the immense danger it threatened, have deeply influenced Cromwell's decisions which he, that very day, confirmed in a speech to the Parliamentary deputation. The danger was serious; a chain of committees, each of ten members, was united, through a secret organization to a central revolutionary committee of twenty-five persons, all superior officers of the army and navy. Their plan was to raise the city in revolt, probably as soon as Cromwell's acceptance of the royal title was known, and the conspirators calculated on having a large number of adherents of all ranks, contrary to the monarchy and to the new king, and on provoking a vast insurrection. The discovery, owing doubtless to treachery, caused the arrest of all the leaders and more than 2,500 conspirators; weapons, horses, and banners were discovered, proving the existence [1] of a military plan, prepared in its minutest details.

[1] The letter of April 26th, 1657, of Francesco Bernardi gives important details of this plot not found in any other document. (See text in Appendix, Document IX.)

Parliament, then, yielded to the Protector's will, but did not renounce its intention of bestowing on him the greatest prestige possible, and of completing the new frame of government, consecrating in it the almost regal character of the Lord Protector's Office, he to be head of the Government, consisting in his person and in Parliament, divided again into the House of Commons and House of Lords.

With great pomp, the frame of government was presented to Cromwell in an assembly in Westminster Hall, where he was solemnly installed in the office of Protector for life.

The title only was lacking; he, perhaps, expected and hoped for the greater one.

"He with a high policy and inconceivable ability goes on with his plan not only of becoming King but Emperor; and according to human judgment one can believe he will succeed in it, to the ruin of who opposes him."

So wrote Francesco Bernardi, the *chargé d'affaires* of Genoa, and the friend of Cromwell, in his ciphered letter of June 10th, 1657. Perhaps he alone had had the intuition of the truth.

THE TRAGIC SUMMER

DEATH had visited the Protector's house in February and had carried off Sir Robert Rich, his youngest daughter's husband, three months after their marriage—a loss deeply mourned, because of the youth of the deceased and of his young widow, for whom great compassion was felt. Still, not for this did Cromwell interrupt his gorgeous ceremonies, meant to keep him constantly in his people's and in his enemies' minds. Not even the death of Admiral Blake, buried with great honours amid salvos of sixty cannon in Westminster Abbey, had altered the intense rhythm of the Protector's life, which, indeed, rather increased in intensity at the beginning of the " tragic " summer, and had its epilogue in the four months from May to August, 1658.

Cromwell had vainly struggled, for five years, to render his power normal and legal: there had been times when he seemed to have realized his hopes and become the civic head of a state; but always the people had thrust him back and compelled him to be what he really was—

namely, a military leader who, having force at his command, made use of it to subdue a rebellious country.

The establishment of a metropolitan militia in London was the result of this situation: to maintain his power, he was obliged to keep his weapons sharp and ready for use.

This militia of his acclaimed him and gave him another opportunity of assuming royal dignity, which he still hesitated to accept, dreaming as he did of discovering some means of winning his people's sincere consent. And, meanwhile, the persecution of his adversaries was fiercely intensified.

The knight, Sir Henry Slingsby, and the theologian, Dr. Hewit, were beheaded in June, and, according to the newspapers, the Protector's kindness hindered them from being quartered.[1]

At the end of the month, it seemed as if the glorious news of the Spanish War might afford a truce to the reign of terror: Dunkirk, the fortress of Flanders, the Spanish military port, armed, as a menace in the North Sea against England, had fallen, the triumph being French rather than English—a strange battle of which France obtained the glory, and England the fruit, such being the pact which was kept by Mazarin. For the Cardinal, this was his revenge

[1] Mercurius Politicus, June 3rd to 10th. *Cromwelliana*, p. 172.

against the French and the great Condé who had been defeated; and glory for General Turenne and the young King. For Cromwell it was a precious conquest, a triumph of his policy, but not yet all. He could not deceive himself: Dunkirk marked a stage in the march, not the goal.

Spain was up and doing: already, several times during the long war against France, she had lost and recaptured the cities in Flanders and Dunkirk itself.

One day of sunshine in the gloomy summer —but one day, and no more!

"Dunkirk, June 25th," was marked in the chronicle of London: on June 27th, another conspirator lost his head; another great trial was begun and, in the meantime, Stacy was executed: on July 17th, the day was marked by a great spectacle. Colonel Aston and Colonel Battely were led to the scaffold, where they paid the penalty of treason. They had conspired, but nobody knew for or against whom. An eye-witness of the execution, however, narrates as follows:

"It [the execution] took place with the greatest possible severity: [they were] hanged in two of the principal places in the city and while still alive, dismembered, their bodies being opened, their heart and intestines pulled out and thrown into the fire; they were then quartered, the parts to be placed with their heads above the city gates." [1]

[1] Letter of July 13th, 1658, of F. Bernardi: Prayer Collection, Letter 220.

The same penalty, inflicted on three other conspirators, was to furnish a similar spectacle for the following day unless " His Highness's mercy will not exceed justice towards some of them."

The Spanish War was still going on and troops were levied and departed to the roll of drums, but France was beginning to mutter against Mazarin's excessive friendship for Cromwell,[1] and was, above all, anxious to obtain peace: there was, therefore, no hope of prompt decisions.

In August, the Protector was overwhelmed with grief and, perhaps, for the only time, tortured with remorse.

Elizabeth, the sweetest of his daughters, died. Perhaps she was already ill when she, in vain, implored her father to pardon the Minister Hewit, Cromwell having only conceded, with supreme irony, that he should be beheaded, without being quartered. This had deeply hurt Elizabeth, and she died without forgiving her parent, and, it may be, with bitter words concerning him.[2]

[1] Letter of August 1st of F. Bernardi: Prayer Collection, Letter 222. It is written in cipher that " There is certain information that some grandees in France begin to mutter against such intimacy with England." Confirmation of this comes from various sources.

[2] On the intervention of Lady Elizabeth in favour of Hewit and other political victims, and on her quarrel

Cromwell fell ill; nobody was supposed to know it, but everyone did. He was confined to bed in Hampton Court, where his Council assembled every day, sitting till late at night. His illness was said to be serious, even mortal. At the end of August, there was some improvement, and hopes of his recovery, which, however, proved to be false. He was transported to Whitehall, and said to be out of danger, but, in the unknown ways by which the truth comes to light, it was known that all hope was lost. The names of his possible successors were on the people's lips: all the generals from Monk to Fairfax, from Lambert to Fleetwood, were supposed to be candidates for the dictatorship. But Richard Cromwell was known to be the heir, designated. The friends and enemies of the *régime* awaited the Protector's death

with her father, opinions are contradictory. Carlyle categorically excludes it; says, indeed, that the alleged compassion of Elizabeth for the condemned Divine, and, in general, for Cromwell's victims, is without any serious basis. The contrary is asserted by Clarendon in his *Memories*, and by others certainly better informed. Their version, agreeing with the kindness of Lady Elizabeth's nature, acknowledged by all, and with her husband Claypole's reserved demeanour towards Cromwell, seems to me much more probable than Carlyle would have us believe in his unconditional adoration for his hero—an adoration which will not even admit that a father's sanguinary acts may not be approved by a kind, generous and compassionate daughter.

in a different spirit, and with different hopes.[1]

Death was approaching ; there was no longer any mystery about the gravity of his illness. Public and private prayers were ordered to be offered up for the Protector's recovery ; the physicians were evidently at a loss to understand the nature of his disease : his temperature was high, his strength was ebbing from him, but he was quite conscious of his surroundings and of his approaching end.

On September 1st, he prophesied to some of the State officials who visited him : " It will be on Friday," and, in fact, at 4 p.m. on September 3rd, the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester, Oliver Cromwell breathed his last. His mortal life was over.

" And let God be judge between you and me."

Such were the last words of the last speech delivered by the Protector to the Parliament dismissed by him. If facts can give a proof of Divine Judgment, Divine Judgment was unfavourable to Cromwell. His work had been a failure ; his life ended before any of his aspirations had been realized.

If he, to whose lips texts from Scripture came so easily, had wished to find the verse which

[1] Francesco Giovarina, with an exact vision of the situation, a few days before Cromwell's death, writes as follows in his dispatch of August 26th, 1658 :

" Should this Chief, who is mortal like any other, die,

summed up his life's work, perhaps he would have found it in the terrible and tragic " Vanitas vanitatum " of Ecclesiastes.

The disowning, for five years of anxiety and danger, of all his former glorious life had only served to accumulate hatred against and spread ruin around him, so immense in magnitude as to annul all the good he had been able to accomplish. He left his work incomplete, and a country divided by implacable hatred, by inextinguishable and contrasting desires for vengeance and triumph over the late victors. Nothing of what may have seemed to him his greatest claim to glory was destined to remain: the Monarchy of the Stuarts returned, as did the free parliamentary institutions so strenuously defended by him against the tyranny of the King, and so deeply disliked when they impeded his absolute power. What, perhaps, seemed to him of less importance remained: namely, the union of the three kingdoms,

troubles and dissensions would undoubtedly rise again in this realm, neither of His Highness's two sons being able to take his place in his manner ; and if, before paying his tribute to nature, he should elect his successor, as obliged to by the convention with Parliament, and nominated one of his sons, as every reason calls for, he might easily be passed over, especially as neither of the sons is esteemed or loved by the militia."

Giovarina's foresight proved correct as Richard Cromwell's Protectorship lasted only a few months.

England, Scotland and Ireland and the colonies he had won. Owing to one of the strange injustices of history, to him was attributed the merit of having initiated English naval power; a merit, due, instead, to the Act of Navigation, voted by that Long Parliament which, at that time, was particularly despised by Cromwell.

Not one of his great dreams had been realized —neither the union of the Protestant Churches, under his control and protection, nor the clamorous victory over the Catholic States, which would have justified his ascension to the throne. Death cut short his hopes which, by then, must have seemed but illusions. He was fifty-nine years of age; five years of tyranny had accumulated such deep hatred against him, and had caused such dissensions in the land, that there were no paths to glory open any longer to him. "Vanitas vanitatum" could, indeed, be taken for his motto; and for a little good accomplished, how much harm!

God, in whom he profoundly believed with that absolute certainty characteristic of fanatics who are never troubled with doubts or spiritual crises, had, while he was still alive, judged between him and his people, and only the latter issued from the Divine tribunal absolved and victorious.

The Protector's body embalmed was removed to Somerset House, "there to rest in a bed of

State as becomes the dignity of so great a prince till the time appointed for the interment."[1] All royal honours were bestowed upon him, as the following description shows:

THE LORD PROTECTOR LYING IN STATE AT SOMERSET HOUSE

from the Mercurius Politicus (*Cromwelliana*, p. 658), October 14th–21st

After a description of the first three rooms, hung with black and adorned with Cromwell's escutcheons, the description proceeds as follows: "The fourth room where both the body and the effigies do lie compleatly hung with black velvet, the roof of the said room ceiled also with velvet, and a large canopy or cloth of estate, of black velvet fringed, over the effigies; the effigies itself apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet, being robed first in a kirtle robe of purple velvet, laced with a rich gold lace and furred with ermine; upon the kirtle is the royal large robe of like purple velvet laced, and furred with ermine, with rich strings and tassels of gold; his kirtle is girt with a rich embroidered belt, in which is a fair sword richly gilt, and hatched with gold, hanging by

[1] The two letters of Francesco Bernardi existing in the Archives of Genoa agree with the similar views given by the newspapers of the time, and precisely by the "Mercurius Publicus" of November 29th and January 24th, 1660–1661, reproduced in *Cromwelliana*, p. 186. The testimony of Bernardi makes it quite impossible to believe the innumerable legends regarding the body of Cromwell and its burial at a distance from London; another body was said to have been placed in the tomb at Westminster instead of his, and other rumours were spread, which were all fantastical inventions without any foundation whatsoever.

the side of the effigies; in the right hand is the golden sceptre representing government, in his left hand is held the globe, representing principality; upon his head the cap of regality of purple velvet, furred with ermine; behind the head is a rich chair of estate of cloth of gold tissued; upon the cushion of the chair stands the imperial crown set with stones. The whole effigies lies upon a bed covered with a large pall of black velvet, under which is a fine Holland sheet upon six stools of cloth of gold tissued; by the sides of the bed of state lies a rich suit of compleat armour, representing his command as General; at the feet of the effigies stands his crest, as is usual in all ancient monuments. This bed of state upon which the effigies so lies, is ascended unto by two ascents, covered with the aforesaid pall of velvet, and the whole work is incompassed about with rails, covered with velvet; at each corner is a square pillar or upright, covered with velvet; upon the tops of them are four beasts, supporters of the imperial arms, bearing banners or streamers crowned; the pillars are decorated with trophies of military honours, carved and gilt. The pedestals of the pillars have shields and crowns gilt, which makes the whole work noble and compleat; within the rails stand eight great standards or candlesticks of silver, being almost five feet in height, with great tapers in them of virgin wax, three foot in length. Next to the candlesticks are set upright in sockets, the four great standards of His Highness's arms, the guidons, the great banners and banrolls, all of taffity, richly gilt and painted; the cloth of estate hath a Majesty scutcheon fixed at the head, and upon the velvet hangings on each side of the effigies, is a Majesty scutcheon and the whole room fully and compleatly furnished with taffity scutcheons. Much more might be enlarged of the magnificence of the solemn setting up, and showing the effigies at present in Somerset House, where it is to remain in state until the funeral day, which is appointed to be on the 9th of November next."

And on November 9th, with the same royal pomp, the funeral procession solemnly passed from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, bearing the waxen effigy of the Protector in its regal attire.

The people, as the funeral passed, were offensively noisy, laughing at and insulting the memory of the deceased, so that the soldiers were obliged to intervene to put an end to the scandalous scene.

The embalmed body itself had been buried privately.

Three years later, the Genoese Resident wrote to his Government, on January 31st, 1661, as follows :

" Search is being made for the corpses of Oliver Cromwell and Mr. Bradshaw, President of the Court which condemned the late King, as well as for those of Ireton and Pride, so that they may be disinterred and treated as ignominiously as possible."

And on February 14th, 1661 :

" The corpses of Oliver Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton and Pride were found and hanged for a whole day on the common gallows (that of Cromwell being as fresh as if he had died a few days before), and then buried under it, their heads being placed above the entrance to Westminster Hall."

Thus did the glory of Oliver Cromwell come to an end.

APPENDIX

We reproduce here, in as literal a translation as possible, some of the letters of the Italian diplomats referred to in the notes of this volume. I have chosen from the enormous quantity, those which refer to facts and episodes narrated in different ways by the historians, or left untold by them. Most of the documents are inedited; those of Venice especially, the most important of which I have chosen either complete or in parts, have been ignored by the historians of Cromwell. They are very numerous, and are to be found in the admirable Archive of the Frari, known to few—to too few—Italians, though they represent one of the most glorious possessions of our history. In it, more than a thousand years of the life of the world find, we may say, documentation in the correspondence of the Republic of Venice. The Archive is kept in admirable order, which immensely facilitates research, furthered also by the exquisite courtesy and diligent care of the directors.

I

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS AND MOST REVERED MASTERS,—

My last was on the 26th instant, and the day after, the 27th, the Speaker of Parliament, according to his promises, made a motion to obtain an audience for me, which was fixed for the following day, as you will see from the Speaker's copy included, and, from speech had with some friends, present at the said motion, I find that it was accepted with the greatest satisfaction and affection. The occasion, chosen to make the motion, could not humanly have been better, it being the first day that the Lord General Oliver Cromwell entered the said Parliament, after his arrival here, wherefore the Parliament was full. Yesterday, Sir Oliver Fleming, Master of the Ceremonies, came to visit me, on behalf of Parliament, and to inform me that the said audience would be deferred till next Thursday, Tuesday being reserved for fasting and thanksgiving to our Lord for the past victories.

The said Lord General, as I hear from a reliable source, has asked for three points for Wednesday next—first, that all the commissioners and officials shall give account of all the sums drawn by them for the public; secondly, that an Act of Oblivion and General

Pardon be passed for all who submit to this Government; thirdly, that this present Parliament be dissolved and the Council of State be authorized to call another every two years. From Ireland news has just arrived that the army has been prosperous and successful against the Irish, and that it is hoped the country will, in a short time, be completely reduced to obedience to this Republic.

Which is all that now happens, worthy of your most Serene Lordships' notice, whose hands I humbly kiss; and pray our Lord to preserve you in the greatest happiness.

Your most Serene and Excellent Lordships'
Most humble and affectionate servant,
FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
29th September, 1651.

II

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS,—

On the 7th instant, I informed Your Most Serene Lordships of the postponement of my audience and the cause of it, which I in all confirm; this [missive] serving to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 17th ult., with the patent to the order of the Agency; of which I shall avail myself if necessary, assuring Your Most Serene Lordships, that only much against my

will, shall I go beyond your commands in anything whatsoever, all the more so when warned of this in advance.

Last Wednesday, I dined privately with the Lord General, there being at table only he himself, his wife, and his daughter, married to General Ireton who commands the army of this Commonwealth in Ireland: he treated me with extraordinary courtesy, and with marks of affection for your Most Serene Lordships, and, along with other speeches, he deigned to express this in these formal words: That he assured me the Most Serene Republic of Genova, would receive all respect and correspondence from this one, that I should obtain an audience with all honour, and that I should deign to ascribe the postponement to the numerous occupations for the adjustment of the peace and quiet of the present Government which is not yet completely established. He made no inquiries of me concerning the opposition made to me by those mentioned in my last to Your Most Serene Lordships, of which, I am sure, he is fully informed.

Last Wednesday, I sent a short remonstrance to the Council of State, asking for an audience, and I hope to obtain it in a few days, and with all due honour, notwithstanding the bad offices of wicked people.

The navy of this Commonwealth, in the last

days captured the Islands of Jersey[1] and Man, which, till now, had remained faithful to the King of Scotland; who, from Holland passed into France, where he is at present. He was at Bristol for ten days, in London for four, and at Gravesend[2] for three: it was a miracle he escaped so well.

This treaty . . . .[3] new Parliament is not concluded in all details. The General-in-Chief will do what he can. In Holland, a powerful fleet is being prepared; 100 new frigates are being constructed (as it is written), the half of which are to go to Brazil, and the other half to the Mediterranean Sea. The ship Alexander the Great has not appeared till now. I have no doubt at all as to the restitution of what in it is due to the Genovese gentlemen, considering the admittance I have to the Lord General. Of what happens later, worthy of the notice of your Most Serene Lordships you will be informed, with which I offer my respects, praying Our Lord to grant you all prosperity and contentment.

Your Most Serene Lordships'

Very humble and affectionate servant,

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,

November 20th, 1651.

[1] Gharsey in the text. [2] Graveed in text.

[3] Text imperfect.

III

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS,—

On the 13th ult. I wrote to your Most Serene Lordships, in reply to yours of December 3rd, the contents of which letter I here confirm, awaiting with devotion your commands concerning that point, which will always be observed by me with entire efficacy.

The navy of this Commonwealth is being put in order with all diligence, and 30 large frigates have already entered the river to clear the channel of certain inimical vessels which had entered various ports in it and seized several merchant ships, going to and fro without convoy. The rest of the said fleet—called The New Fleet—cannot be ready for two months yet, there being a scarcity of money, which, in the last days has obliged the General-in-Chief and his chief officers and some of the principal members of Parliament to come to the City to request a loan of £500,000 from the citizens. The reply was that the said City was greatly impoverished, but that they would endeavour to give as much aid as possible. Parliament has passed an Act, banishing all Catholic priests, declaring that all of them who shall be taken after March 1st next, shall irrevocably suffer death. Many fear that great rigour is to be used against all Catholics and

that, in order to please the Presbyterian party, which does not fail [when well united] to be considerable in Parliament and in the army, which consists of three factions, Independents, Levellers and the said Presbyterians; and until they are all of the same opinion [which is considered difficult] there will never be agreement [among them.] In the last days, matters went so far that the Levellers pretended the Lord Protector should resign his commission. He replied that he would communicate this to the army, which he did; and in four days, the greater part of the army appeared within sight of the City, and in the name of the said army and the Commonwealth of England, the officers presented a petition for a new representative Parliament and it was necessary to give them a favourable reply, wherefore, they will soon reach their intent.

The Agent or Envoy of France here, is negotiating with prudence and skill; and, through him it is hoped to come to a treaty of peace with Holland. Steps are being taken to send from here an ambassador to Venice, and it is believed that he will be the Earl of Leicester's eldest son. Of following events your Most Serene Lordships will be informed.

Paying you humbly my homage, your Most

Serene Lordships' very humble and affectionate servant,

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
February 3rd, 1653.

IV

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS,—

. . . The great dissensions between Parliament and the Army are completely ended, as, on Wednesday the 30th ult., the General-in-Chief, accompanied by the Sergeant-Major, General Harrison, and other officers of the army, with ten or fifteen in their train, with no sign of rumour, entered Parliament; and while they were about to put to the vote the revoking of the commission of the said General-in-Chief, and the adjourning of Parliament till Michaelmas, he, taking off his hat, lifted the mace from before the President, and gave it to the Sergeant-Major, General Harrison, who handed it to the Lieutenant of the Company of the General's Guards: and, that being done, he covered his head, at once, and said: "Gentlemen, I do not speak to you now as to Parliament. The People of this Commonwealth, have, with great devotion and patience, expected from you some result in the establishing of the present Government, and adminis-

tration of justice, in which Our Lord, owing to the great and enormous sins of many of you, has blinded you and deprived you of intelligence, you having put your private interests before the public weal, and honour of God, striving as much as possible to establish yourselves permanently in your office; nor can any good thing from you be expected or hoped for any longer. I am therefore commanded by the Preserver of Liberty on the part of the people of this Commonwealth, to dissolve you. Therefore, you, Mr. President,[1] leave your seat, and, all of you return to your houses and homes, because the Lord has opened a path to Government which will be pleasing to Him and the world."

Scarcely had he finished speaking, when many of the principal members of the opposition in Parliament exclaimed in a loud voice: "Mr. President, Mr. President, keep your seat, keep your seat!" On which the Lord General ordered the Sergeant-Major, General Harrison, to eject him; and he, at once, obeyed, taking him, however, modestly by the hand, and begging him to go out quietly, else he would be compelled to. To which the President replied: "If you force me to, I must obey, recognizing that your power is greater than ours"; and so he went out. At which, many

[1] Speaker.

of the members complained exceedingly; and on each of them the Lord General inflicted some mortification, calling, for instance, the old knight Vayne, "a juggler and cheat."[1] Henry Martyn an atheist and adulterer, Challoner a drunkard, and accusing Sir Henry Milmay[2] of [having appropriated] £500,000 worth of jewels and silver, belonging to the late king, and Scott of having to account to the Commonwealth for £300,000, and so with several others, who each received his share publicly. They went out quite quietly and, one by one, passed through the guards of soldiers who derided them not a little. Now, the world will begin to be aware of the prudence, policy and valour of the Lord General, he, having, all this time, afforded Parliament means to render itself odious to the people (as it is in fact, everyone rejoicing at what has happened), so that the successive Government may be more to their liking, and it will doubtless have more form, justice and satisfaction than the last.

The Lord General and the Council of Officers sent for the Governor and Aldermen of this City and charged them to continue (notwith-

[1] In text incomprehensible: "*sui figlio imbostero della Repubblica.*" I substitute the words of other historians; probably *imbostero* is *impostor*.

[2] Mildmay.

standing this change) to administer justice to all, in all the civil and penal courts, as is being done with perfect obedience, and, yesterday, the included Declaration was issued, [1]not doubting that, in a short time, the Government will be firmly established as your Lordships will be especially informed of, in due time. This innovation happens inopportunely for the Ambassador of Spain, here, he finding himself bereft of his pensioners, Sir Henry Vayne, Henry Martyn and Challoner; and it is known from the fact that the Lord General and the Council ordered three days ago, that all the silver taken in those two ships of Hamburg be made into money. It is thought that there will soon be treaties for peace with Holland, and that the instigators of that war will suffer capital punishment; there being no doubt but that some will be harmed by it, which is all that happens, at present, worthy of your notice. Humbly I pay you reverence, praying the Lord to grant you every blessing and satisfaction.

Your Most Serene Lordships'
Very humble and affectionate servant,
FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
May 5th, 1653.

[1] I not doubting.

V

Just now, an Ordinance of His Highness and the Council has been issued, declaring the offences contained in it (and no others) to be considered as high treason; and they are: Against who shall seek or imagine the death of His Highness, or speak against him or the established Government, or say he is a tyrant or usurper, or instigate counsel or aid any revolt, either in the army or out of it; against his person or against the said Government, or claim that there is any other in this Commonwealth, and that Parliament was not dissolved on April 20th, 1653.

Against who voluntarily betrays or subverts any city, fort or vessel or other forces of land and sea, appertaining to this Commonwealth.

Who counterfeits the great seal, the sign manual or private [signature] of England or of His Highness;

Who declares anyone whomsoever of the line of the late king to have any authority in the government of England, Scotland and Ireland; or holds any correspondence or other [communication] with Charles and James Stuart, or with her, who was the Queen, their mother.

Who falsifies or counterfeits coins, or takes from or diminishes the currency.

[1]That all the laws made by Queen Elizabeth

[1] Against all who declare.

and King James and Roman Catholics remain in vigour.

Last week, the brother of the Portuguese Ambassador here, who committed the excesses already reported to your Most Serene Lordships, was transferred by order of His Highness, from the Tower, to the ordinary prisons of Newgate, to be raised up at dawn to be judged, but owing to a petition presented to His Highness by the merchants who traffic in Portugal, the deliberation of the case was prorogued for six weeks, he, however, having till now been left in the said prison.

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
February 3rd, 1654.

VI

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS,—

After mine of the 4th inst. to your Most Serene Lordships yours of the 17th and 24th ult. reached me, which, only containing acknowledgment of mine, require no other reply from me, I, owing to the festivities and the indisposition of the Secretary, Mr. Thurloe, not having been granted the audience concerning those orders given to me by you, though it was requested with the usual formalities. And

I doubt whether I shall have it, this week, knowing positively that, besides the aforesaid causes, His Highness is perpetually occupied in most serious affairs, it being mostly ten o'clock at night, and sometimes daybreak, before he goes to rest, and it is by no means advisable to be importunate, though I do all I can, with ability, not only in this matter but in all that concerns your service.

Negotiations are being carried on with Sweden on most important matters with inconceivable secrecy; the Swedish Ambassador often being in His Highness's room. The progress of the conquests of his king, not only in Poland, but also in Prussia, is very great, he taking possession, everywhere on his way, with little opposition. [1]*By now it is time that the Catholic Princes should give heed to their own affairs, nothing else but the general destruction of the true faith and of those who profess it, being contrived:* this, alas! *I know* as certain.

The number of vessels for the navy, here, is being increased every day, there being eighty ships ready and fully equipped, twenty of which sailed out in the last days to visit the seas here. Arms both for the horse and infantry are being busily manufactured for this expedition.

The Seigneur Ambassador of Venice, dissatisfied, is applying for leave to depart; not

[1] The words in italics are in cipher.

being able to understand whether he has wrought or obtained anything important.

Here there is news that the Duke of Brandenburg is negotiating for a reconciliation with the King of Sweden, and that the said King demands from the city of Dantzic the admission of his army into Kleyden, the payment of £200,000, and an oath of fealty to him. The proposals of the Jews have not been spoken of again in public; negotiations, however, are being carried on in secret, and so [secretly] they, for the present, will be admitted, and, in time, openly.

His Highness, last week, chose three hundred of his best cavalry, and three of every arm whose pay he has doubled, and of whom he has formed a company of Guards for his own person, besides the one he had before, consisting of two hundred. This is owing to the discovery of a conspiracy against His Highness. On New Year's Day, according to the style used here (January 2nd in ours) I was much honoured by His Highness, because, besides his drummers and trumpeters who came to play to me as to all the Public Ministers, he sent me a couple of very fine deer, elegantly adorned, as a gift, six of which he sent to the Ambassador of Sweden. I do not hear, however, that he has done so to any other, nor has it ever been his custom before. This is all for the present:

humbly reverencing you, I wish you all happiness and contentment from the Supreme Being. . . .

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
January 17th, 1656.

VII

DESPATCH OF THE AMBASSADOR SAGREDO

November 26th, 1655.

. . . One of the best principles of this Government is that of keeping secrets so closely that it is impossible for anyone, however diligent, to penetrate into the real substance of their deliberations.

The second is that of keeping secret spies everywhere, in order to be informed of all that happens in the world. There is certainly no government on earth which divulges its affairs less than England, or is more punctually informed of those of the others.

They meet in a room, to reach which one must pass through an infinite number of others. Innumerable doors are closed; and, what furthers most their intent, the persons who meet together are few in number. At the most, sixteen direct the most important affairs, and conclude the most serious consultations, which—that they may be all the more hidden

—pass through the head of a single secretary, appointed not only to superintend political matters but also those criminal affairs which concern the State, the examinations being all reported by his pen. And as penetration into their deliberations was one of the worst defects of the late Parliament, in which what was not divulged by the members was published abroad by the Secretaries, this method of everything passing through the hands of only one has been adopted—a method, convenient in what concerns this purpose but troublesome in that it makes the negotiations very lengthy, and execution very slow, as I very recently represented to your Lordships.

To penetrate into the affairs of others, they do not employ ambassadors, but make use of spies, less in the public eye—men of intelligence, but neither of rank nor honour. . . .

[*In cipher*]

If the Catholic princes knew what is being planned, they would cease fighting with, and destroying one another, and would think of themselves and their religion.

. . . . .

GIOVANNI SAGREDO.

VIII

DESPATCH OF THE GENOESE AMBASSADOR, UGO FIESCO

Not to be obliged to stop in Paris, I sent on my messenger two days before by post-chaise to make provision of many things necessary to me in my journey; and especially of money, which the length of it has made me short of. To this effect, it seemed to me necessary also to pay some compliment to the Seigneur, Cardinal Mazarin, as it was impossible not to pass through the suburbs of Paris, I having written a complimentary letter from Lyons, begging him to excuse me if I did not give myself the honour of paying him my respects. On arriving at the Faubourg de la Reine, where I meant to stay till I had provided for my needs, I was favoured with a visit from the Illustrious Ambassadors, Lazzaro Spinola and G. B. Pallavicino, the Resident, the latter giving me a letter from the said Seigneur Cardinal Mazarin, the original text of which I forward to your Most Serene Lordships. It seemed to me I could not but accede to the sentiments expressed in it, without manifest incivility, and, thus advised by those gentlemen, I *went alone, incognito, to receive the favour to the said Signor G. B. Pallavicino's house.* Next day, I let the Cardinal know of my arrival,

and only this morning, I have been with the said Seigneur Cardinal; he, owing to his many occupations, not having been able to see me before. Though the object of this compliment of his was ostensibly a demonstration of friendship for us, he, *really, wanted to inform me at length, of the differences, existing to-day between this monarchy and England and to insinuate that if the Protector should happen* to speak about them to me, I, as a disinterested person, should be useful to him as far as circumstances might allow, but more—and this concerns himself—that, to good purpose, *I should show myself to be aware of the good friendship of the Cardinal for the Lord Protector,* Cromwell. I replied that I should be particularly fortunate were I to find an opportunity of being in any way useful to his Excellency and His Majesty, being sure that at the same time, I should act, according to your Most Serene Lordships' desires, from whom, however, I did not pledge myself to take any instructions about this, it seeming to me unnecessary, I not really having a ministry, and meaning with this to insinuate, that without the orders of your Most Serene Lordships I could not permit myself to issue from this plane.

The points which are now being discussed with the Protector are three. One, the damage suffered reciprocally for a long period at sea; as arbiters

for the liquidation of which in payment of the residue, the Senate of Hamburg has been appointed. The second is not to give aid to the rebels but rather to expel them. Among these, is meant the Royal House of Stuart. This point is accepted in France, and that king who is absent, will be asked not to return ; but one pretension of Cromwell's will render difficult the carrying out of this article, namely, his insisting on having the right to defend the Huguenots in France when they consider they are oppressed, which will be intolerable unless he, at the same time, consents to the reservation of the King of France to have the right to defend the Catholics in England, as well as Parliament, should they appeal to him.

The last is a difficulty in the signing of the articles, Cromwell claiming to have the priority or parity like the former kings. To this some compromise might be found, were it not that all those difficulties rising on each of the said articles are rather put forward than insisted on, in order to protract the negotiations, thus suspended only from Cromwell's desire to remain armed for his own defence.

Such was my impression which I summoned up courage to express to the Cardinal and he approved it, and I have clearly seen that if a conclusion is not come to in a limited time, a rupture may take place, so that he may not enjoy these advantages and be forced to recog-

nize the danger he risks in entering into war with France as he [then] will have as defence the bringing it [war] into his own country, raised by the partisans of the House of Stuart. The Seigneur Cardinal has let me understand that those speeches had with me are confidential; I, however, as your minister, must report them to you as they are, so that you may avail yourselves of them as you think best, I, in this office, not being my own master.

I think of leaving to-morrow, with no little fatigue in the rest of my journey, owing to the obstacles I find—on one hand, the route of Calais, which is the best in these times, is so infested by the incursions of the enemy's troops that one cannot travel by it without manifest peril: the other to Dieppe, which I mean to take, is so muddy that I do not know how to pull out of it[1] the carriage I have bought here to take with me to England.

This is all I need to communicate to your Most Serene Lordships up to the present time; trusting to meet in everything with your approbation, of which if you will make me aware so that I may be sure of it, I shall endeavour to deserve it. And to your Most Serene Lordships I humbly pay homage.

UGO FIESCO.

From Paris, December 22nd, 1654.

[1] The mud.

IX

MOST SERENE PRINCE,

The jealousy about the internal affairs of this kingdom continues more than ever, they being guarded with most diligent application to the discovering or eliminating of any secret treaty to the prejudice or advantage of the King of Scotland. Every foreigner who lands in places here has the papers and letters he has with him minutely examined, and transmitted to London, nor are they restored before being submitted to the rigorous examination and diligent perquisition of the Secretary of State.

No one can leave London for any foreign country without a written permission, signed by the Protector, which obliges foreigners to an inopportune length of time and phlegmatic patience in waiting to obtain the signature at His Highness's convenience.

A quantity of spies are kept divided in convenient places, so that they may successively report any intrigue or speech contrary to the pleasure of who governs. . . .

Similarly, quarrels and occasions of scandal, confusion or agglomeration of people, are forbidden under severe penalties. The Patrols or companies of horse quartered in the chief thoroughfares of the city are instructed to

charge severely and arrest the promoters of any—no matter how insignificant—rumour of revolt among the people.

. . . In this way the abundance of arms succeeds in substituting the want of affection in the people, it being found preferable to depend on one's own force than on the love of others.

GIOVANNI SAGREDO.

LONDON,
22nd December, 1655.

Sagredo, in his despatch of October 22nd, 1655, gives us this picturesque description of Cromwell:

"I have found Cromwell somewhat haggard in appearance, and looking not in quite good health, I having observed, that while he stood uncovered, the hand holding his hat was trembling. As for the rest, he is a man of fifty-six, with a scanty beard, of sanguine complexion, middle height, robust and of martial aspect. He has a sombre and profound physiognomy, wears a large sword at his side; at once a soldier and an orator, he is endowed with talents for action and persuasion."

X

MOST SERENE AND EXCELLENT SEIGNEURS,—

On the 16th instant, I gave your Most Serene Lordships an account of all worthy of your attention, of which I include a copy. Since then, Parliament has proceeded with vigour,

supplicating and persuading the most Illustrious Protector, to accept the Royal Office, and endeavouring with serious arguments to satisfy him concerning the scruples by which he asserts he is possessed, as much for what regards his conscience as his safety. Till now, however, he has not let himself be convinced, though Parliament went so far as to take the risk of declaring to him that "the refusal meant his wanting to govern with the rod, and not according to law."

And, as I hear on good authority, he, being at present unwell, will in a few days communicate his definitive decision. By General Blake, and the chief leaders of the army, a petition has been forwarded to him in the name of the army and the maritime forces, begging him to accept the crown. All the cities and Provinces of England would do the same, had not His Highness, on having news of this, given express orders to the contrary.

On the 20th inst. was discovered the greatest conspiracy ever formed, not only against the Lord Protector but all those participating in the present Government, and particularly against this City, a general massacre having been planned.

The number of the chief conspirators is twenty-four; they being all of the Levellers' party and people of quality; among whom,

the Sergeant-Major, General Harrison, who was a pretender to the Protectorate and Government, Vice-Admiral Lawson, Colonel Rich of the present army, and Sergeant-Major Danvers. All the twenty-four have been arrested and sent, some to the Tower, some to other prisons. Their way of proceeding in their plan was, that each one should gain ten to his party, and those ten other ten, and this had been done, so that the conspirators are said to be 2,684. The way it was to be carried out was this: the first twenty-four were to raise a standard near the City and all the others were to hasten thither at the same moment, at the sound of drums and trumpets, and thus being joined by all who wished to be of their band, they were to slay all those who were neutral or adverse to them.

This was to have taken place the very night of the twentieth, as those arrested were found armed ready to mount on horseback, and with a standard bearing a lion couchant in a white field, with the motto, "Who will raise it?" A great quantity of all kinds of arms and ammunition was also discovered in various places.

Those people, when united, were to assume the name of Millennarians of the Fifth Monarchy, composed, however, of Levellers, Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians and

Royalists, all contrary to the present Government, and to the exaltation of His Highness to the royal dignity; among whom the army has a part. And this occasion will be seized to make in it that reform deserved by a matter of such serious consequence, and believed by the judicious to aim entirely at the perfecting of the Lord Protector's schemes.

Mr. Thurloe, Chief Secretary of State, was the first to discover the said conspiracy and, therefore, he has received public thanks, not only from His Highness, but also from the whole Parliament, for his great care and vigilance in this matter and in the public service. Of the new levies there is as yet nothing new; they, continuing, however, to be aggregated to the old militia, the greatest part of which, especially the officers, will, it is believed, be sent out of England. This is one of the difficulties to be overcome by the Lord Protector.

Last week, there arrived in the Dunes, seven warships from Jamaica; they bring news of the good condition in which not only the rest of the army is there, but also the people on land, great progress having been made in the cultivating and peopling of the island. And it is believed that the fleet of the Spanish Plata will not dare come out, nor is it thought it will do so this year. The said squadron, with ten vessels more, are being put in order so as

to return with other people, provisions, and munitions.

Yesterday, news of the Emperor's death reached this Court, which is persuaded that this will be to its advantage, with a close alliance with France and Sweden, and that the Imperial Crown will leave the House of Austria. Since I have been admitted to the Ministers of State here, one can understand that, if Holland has a rupture with France, she will be compelled to a rupture also with the Lord Protector. As for the interests of your Signori Citizens in the ships *Sant' Agostino, Sansone* and *S. Giuseppe,* I refer to the account given to you in other letters. There is no way at present of negotiating about them or any other business; nor will there be, until this great business of the establishment of Government is concluded.

And this serving as reply to those of your Most Serene Lordships' of the 17th and 22nd ult. I have only now, humbly paying you my respects, to beg His Divine Majesty to grant you all fullness of happiness and contentment. . . .

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
April 26th, 1657.

XI

. . . Parliament, after such an unexpected reply, has been preparing a new remonstrance, and all the Royal Parliamentarians (members in favour of the crown being offered to C.) who are now six to one, have expressly sent—each to the Province which he represents—to summon the people to come here with petitions to His Highness, to accept the crown; and if he does not find a remedy to it soon, consequences will ensue in which we may believe this City will be the first to begin; and in the end, he will be forced to accept it against his will; at which, the Lord Protector laughs, and rightly, he having so easily reached the height of his designs, and he will let these people go crazy a while, before he accepts the crown; in which case it will be necessary for Parliament to modify certain points in the articles, which are not entirely to his satisfaction.

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
6th April, 1657.

XII

In mine of the 10th instant, I reported to your Most Serene Highnesses what was worthy of being brought to your notice; and, last week, Parliament voted that besides the

£600,000 which England pays every month, a new tax of £400,000 similarly be imposed and exacted by the 24th of June next, which is to serve for the war against Spain.

The said Parliament is still assiduously considering the way to compel His Highness to accept the Royal Dignity ; and we may believe, the matter being properly presented to him, and he, being convinced that it is the general desire of the people of these nations, and for their welfare and tranquillity, that he will consent, though, till now, he has refused to hear it spoken about.

All artifice, to have himself supplicated, this being really the goal he has always aimed at, as I have several times written to your Most Serene Lordships ; and in this he will succeed. . . .

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
February 22nd, 1657.

XIII

. . . Since my last to your Most Serene Lordships, on the 22nd ult., this Parliament has continued assiduously in its endeavours to find a way to force the Lord Protector to accept Royal Dignity, concerning which many petitions and remonstrances have been presented to Parliament by the Principals of several pro-

vinces, as well as by lawyers, who, here, are very numerous and greatly considered; there being expressed in them [petitions and remonstrances] the necessity of having a King in this nation, without which the laws cannot proceed in due course, nor the people be sure of what they possess. Therefore, a resolution was made to prepare a bill about this important matter, and on Monday last, the 5th instant, it was with the usual solemnity submitted to the said Parliament by the Alderman or Senator Pack, of this City, of which he was Governor, two years ago, and which he now represents in Parliament. When the bill was read by the President, all the members kept silence, his [Cromwell's] adherents wishing to see the opposition, before manifesting their opinion, and the adversaries to see who would be the first to oppose it.

In the end, it was debated and put to the vote when it passed at once with a majority of three to one. What now remains to be done, is to represent it to His Highness in the name of these nations and as the universal desire of the people belonging to them, and to implore him to consent to it.

The Lord Protector has proceeded and will proceed in this matter, and will wait to be supplicated before accepting, as I have already several times indicated to your Most Serene

Lordships, so as to completely avoid being censured as a usurper; as of all, in due time, you shall have a distinct account. . . .

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
8th March, 1657.

XIV

. . . A week to-day, my last was written to your Most Serene Lordships, a copy of which I include, and four days were spent last week in fasting, sermons and prayers, privately, in the House of Parliament itself, in order to implore Divine assistance in the very serious matter now being discussed: and only yesterday and to-day have they gone on with it in a preparatory way, to represent it to His Highness as being such as may compel him to accept the Royal Dignity with safety to himself and to the satisfaction of the people of these nations; and, as has been from a good source insinuated, the principal point is the succession, whether it is to be hereditary or by succession, and it is supposed it will be the latter and that His Highness may name his successor; otherwise he will not accept it, then [that] concerning Parliament, its privileges and those of the people, that they may be composed according to the ancient constitutions of two Houses, one of titled gentlemen (called

here, Peers of the Realm), the other of the Commons, and that all, in a few weeks must be agreed to and formulated so as to be presented to the Lord Protector with a petition to him to accept the Crown.

I cannot avoid saying that, as to all proposals —even to those on the best foundations— opponents are not wanting, so there are adversaries to this one and of weight; but the merits and eminent knowledge of His Highness will overcome everything, it being impossible to believe that a person so able and naturally politic would allow matters to come to such a critical point, unless he was sure of obtaining what he has always aspired to.

Of any innovation concerning these negotiations or any other, worthy of being made known to you, you will not fail, according to my duty, to receive continuous and sincere information: and acknowledging receipt of yours of the 9th ult., for the present, nothing remains to me but humbly to revere you, begging His Divine Majesty to grant you all happiness.

FRANCESCO BERNARDI.

LONDON,
March 15*th*, 1657.

A REPORT READ IN THE SENATE

BY

GIOVANNI SAGREDO,

EXTRAORDINARY AMBASSADOR TO OLIVER CROMWELL

MOST SERENE PRINCE,—

The situation of England, Scotland and Ireland, their dimensions, population and other similar circumstances, are not only to be read, exactly described in various books, given to the press, but have also been so amply communicated to your Serene Highness by the most excellent ambassadors who, *pro tempore*, have resided at that Court, that it would be tedious and superfluous to enumerate or repeat them.

I, Giovanni Sagredo Chevalier, find it much more suitable to my office, as first ambassador of your Serene Highness, appointed after the extinction and suppression of the royal authority in London, to bring to you a short, clear account of the origin of the civil tumults, of the causes of the change of the government

there, of the ability of him in whose hands are now the direction and command; of the forces, alliances and designs which England at present nourishes.

The above-mentioned kingdom fluctuated for the uninterrupted period of forty-five years amid the agitation of a most tempestuous civil war, in which the regal authority was deplorably and irreparably wrecked.

The causes of this are various, and the essential ones are not perhaps those that exist on the lips of the populace or in the divulgations of fame.

The hatred against Charles I, King of England, was increased by some modifications in religion which he manifestly approved by showing himself to be first a Calvinist, then a Lutheran, and finally inclined to reduce the Protestant ceremonies as much as possible to conformity with the Catholic rites, he applying himself to this most zealously.

This revealed him to be inwardly a Catholic, and increased the hatred of his subjects; they, through the persuasions of their preachers, having already conceived and imbibed an implacable aversion from Catholicism.

It is, however, true that His Majesty being brought to the scaffold, and guided by a diabolical policy, to obtain disapproval of the injustice of his condemnation, publicly pro-

fessed the Protestant dogma, and at the cost of the damnation of his soul, denied the rumour of his propensity to the Catholic faith. To this add as causes contributing not little to his ruin, his not having spirit enough to govern alone, and his availing himself of ministers of slow and heavy intellect, such as the Earl of Holland or of austere prelates like the (Arch) bishop of Canterbury, who would fain have governed London as if it had been a college or a religious confraternity.

His Majesty was endowed with a placid nature, infinite goodness and incomparable sincerity. And as if his breast were made of crystal, every secret in his heart, even the most occult, was transparent to his Scottish domestics around him, who, corrupted and bribed, published abroad the most recondite deliberations of His Majesty, and ruined his service by thus giving an opportunity to his enemies to forestall his plans and thwart, on their way, the best methods of carrying them out which issued from his council.

His misfortune was also due to his not having, in the beginning, resisted Parliament, but rather having permitted it to hold meetings and assemblies, in which on the pretext of providing for the urgent affairs of state, they began to put forward claims regarding the King's rights, and to lay the first foundations

of the rebellion, imitating those rivers, whose first swellings not being noticed, end by suddenly breaking their banks and carrying off by violence the defences too tardily opposed to them.

Parliament, therefore, recognizing the conjuncture favourable to its designs, grew the more courageous and daring, the more the royal council failed in credit and esteem. And as generally happens in civil tumults, the first movements of Parliament were welcomed with applause by those who loved to fish in troubled waters, and by others who hoped to better their fortunes amid the misfortunes of their country.

Thus, numerous armies issued from London against the King. The people daringly contributed the taxes imposed to maintain them; and, in short, as is usual with bold attempts, they were encouraged and helped by the approval of the crowd.

Matters in this way having led to an open rupture, and to an armed dispute, the Earl of Essex was the first to command, as General, the forces against the King, in favour of the popular movements; although he was defeated in the first engagement so badly that 8,000 parliamentary prisoners surrendered to the Royalist army, and among them, the severest enemies of the royal power, and those, precisely,

who had led Parliament to the extremity of using arms.

In any case, His Majesty, inclining to clemency and neglecting the good advice to inculcate obedience into his contumacious subjects by an example of adequate punishment, freed all the above-mentioned prisoners on their taking an oath not to bear arms against him again. But they, as soon as they had recovered their liberty, resumed the offensive, reformed their armies, and, fortune changing sides, the royal troops were twice defeated by General Fairfax, who had taken the place of Essex, poisoned by the Parliamentarians themselves, on the imputation of having desired rather to raise his own special fortune than to bring down that of the King. So, after various incidents always unfavourable to the royal faction, His Majesty resolved to put himself into the hands of the Scots, in the hope that he being born among them, they would efficaciously take an interest in helping him to sustain his just cause.

But those same Scots who, being aware of his secrets had, already, ruined his cause by publishing them for money, carried away by a more detestable avarice, reached the point of virtually selling the King to the Parliament of London, and consigning him to them for the sum of 200,000 pounds sterling. His

Majesty was shut up in a castle and diligently guarded, by his Scottish subjects to whom, when they asked him whether he preferred remaining there in custody, or being handed over to the English, he replied that he had rather be in the hands of those who had bought, than in those of who had sold him.

The King then having been thus handed over for the above-mentioned price of £200,000, as prisoner to the English Parliament, several nights were spent in consultations, and various expedients were suggested as to what deliberations were to be taken in a matter of such consequence, they exaggerating the disapproval which rigour against innocent royal blood would meet with, besides the horror which such an unheard of attempt would bear with it.

Some of the more moderate were of the opinion that, the disorders in the government being corrected and reasonable satisfaction being obtained from the King, he should be placed in liberty and in his former exercise of royal authority.

The others, and among them Cromwell, who was then the second person in the army, and who possessed the greatest credit and the most distinguished esteem, represented that matters were already reduced to extremes, and incapable of modification or adjustment;

that the enmity between the King and Parliament was too deeply rooted, the insults too far advanced to be withdrawn, and that the King, restored to his dignity, would thunder down revenge; that who did not cause one crowned head to be cut off would cause a hundred of themselves to lose theirs; it being necessary to weigh in the balance whether Parliament cared more for the safety of the King or for that of Parliament itself; and finally, that having the King in their hands as a prisoner, the time had come to condemn him as a criminal.

This opinion which tranquillized these with spotted consciences, was applauded, and Charles I, King of England, was condemned, with 108 votes, to be publicly beheaded, few dissenting.

The accusations against him were: having contributed to the past disturbances; having let himself be dominated by passionate and avaricious favourites; having subjected his people to the massacres and devastations exercised by the licence of the troops in the long period of civil war.

And his death was thus definitely decreed. As, it being observed that he, brought into Parliament without uncovering, did not reply, and declared that not the people but God was the competent judge of the King, they

soon ordered that a great scaffold should be erected to the level of a window of the royal palace, and covered with black velvet, and that the King should be conducted on to it. And as they doubted that His Majesty might resist the execution of the sentence, refusing to lay his neck on the block, they fixed into the block at his feet two iron rings through which they passed a cord which, placed on His Majesty's neck, would necessarily make him bend by force and offer his head to the axe, if he did not voluntarily resign himself to the humiliation of the fatal blow. But the King, warned of this, without coming to such extremes, said that they should use no violence; he would readily submit to the laws of necessity and the rigours of force; and turning to the people, he added that he died for the faults of others rather than for his own, and that his death was only the beginning of the disasters in store for England, who, one day, would be obliged to account for the shedding of the innocent blood of her King. And recommending the innocence of his sons, he bent his knee to the axe and died, with firmness, on January 3rd, 1648, in the midst of universal silence and admiration; while, the reinforced troops being divided at their posts, there was no one who dared show pity except in their hearts. And so, finally, after various changes of

scene, the death of Charles I ended a great part of the tragedy, the theatre of which was England.

An example without precedent which has filled with compassion not only men but even wild beasts, an old lion, still alive in a cage of the Tower of London revealing his feelings with wild growls, not only on the day of the execution, but repeating them even at present, every year, on the anniversary above-mentioned, to the observation and wonder of the people.

London was the principal and obstinate instigator of the war against the King, innumerable treasures being squeezed from the private purses of the people for the reinforcement of their army. The goldsmiths alone are still creditors for the loan to Parliament of 800,000 crowns, to maintain the past insurrections which, the populace being employed in them through the persuasions of others, continued, with fatal constancy until the last incidents now narrated.

Fairfax, who was then supreme commander of the army and who still lives, on his private fortune in a delightful country village, felt repugnance to sign the above-mentioned [sentence of] death; but on Cromwell's insisting —he having brought him the written order of Parliament—by force consented to it.

And refusing likewise to advance with the army into Scotland—that being a breaking

of the treaties formerly stipulated between him and the Scots—he was compelled by Parliament to resign his general's baton into the hands of Cromwell, who held, in the army, the Lieutenancy.

Though Cromwell was then second-in-command in the army for what regards the title, he was, in any case, first in authority, while Fairfax, a soldier of action, was only able to manage the sword.

Cromwell, instead, knew at the proper time how to use both his sword and his tongue; so much so, that after having leapt into the seat of his general, he threw also Parliament from the saddle, though it had been the chief promoter of his greatness.

It is supposed that Cromwell, foreseeing that all authority in England must finally fall into his power, owing to the predominion which he possessed, the imbecility of others and his own capacity, secretly furthered the death of the King and insisted that it should take place on the sentence of Parliament which meant by the will of the people, as the members of Parliament represented the provinces and the cities in the kingdom. All this with the object of securing not only his present but also his future greatness—by sowing enmity between the people and the King's posterity; he presupposing, and not without reason, that

those who had contributed to the death of the father, would not be likely to consent to the return of the sons; lest the latter should devise vengeance to the destruction of the accomplices and in favour of the royal sufferers [the royal misfortune].

And to place still stronger obstacles to the future return of the Royal House, it was ordered that the possessions of the Crown, amounting to the sum of 800,000 crowns of revenue, and the sumptuous articles of the Royal Wardrobe, should be sold by auction at a low price, to afford means, as happened to many families, to divide among them the royal revenues, so that the fear of having to restore them should cause an aversion for ever to the Royal domination and a desire, out of self-interest, for the continuation of the present government.

And as, above the ruins of a fallen edifice one sometimes sees another rise more conspicuous and magnificent than the former, so above the wreck of the Royal House did Cromwell raise his portentous greatness up to the most eminent post now occupied by him. And as all the greatest successes were either the fruits of his counsel or were carried out under his guidance, my present most reverent relation will contain nothing but the actions of a man rendered by fortune and industrious skill the most famous in the present century.

The royal dominion having then ended with the fall of Charles I, the government and the entire disposal of political affairs now depended upon Parliament. And though Cromwell had but a single vote in Parliament, he, in any case, representing as General the army, his opinions were venerated and seconded by the majority. Add to this that to Parliament appertained the legislative power, to the army the executive; to the former, counsel, to the latter, force; therefore, had there failed to be correspondence between these two principal members, the whole body-politic, would have been left languid and inert. And all the more esteemed and venerated had Cromwell made himself in the public opinion when, after the command of the army had been entrusted to him, he had expugned the strong fortresses in Ireland, not having been able first to find reinforcements in the Parliamentary troops, but accomplishing all, through the example of his own courage, exposing himself first and foremost in all the most difficult and hazardous engagements.

His credit was, finally, increased by the general defeat inflicted by him on the Royalists in Scotland, although he was at the head of only 9,000 men, and was, as it were, besieged in a valley, the mountain heights having been occupied before by 20,000 Scottish troops.

Before engaging in battle, he heartened his soldiers by assuring them of the victory, predicted to him by God, by means of a voice which, at midnight, had awakened him. And such was the confidence that the army placed in him, that the Scottish army, desperately attacked, yielded to the impetus, and, in disorder, took to open flight, so that there was not a soldier in the English army but took with him more than one prisoner.

The above-mentioned successes, facilitating on every side, the enterprises and victories in favour of Parliament, the residue of the royalist party, which still kept up its existence in some parts of the realm, resolved to yield to fortune and force, so that, in a short time all their strongholds were reduced to subjection.

Ireland was now expugned, and Scotland subdued, except in some parts of the most inaccessible mountains, where the survivors of the defeated forces taking shelter, they for some time kept alive rather the jealousy than the war in favour of the King.

The intestine war being extinguished in the manner described above by the victorious Parliamentary troops, another one abroad was kindled against the Dutch, the cause being the herring-fishery. I know that, at the time, I reported to your Serene Highness the various events in it which were extremely curious and

remarkable. As in olden times ships were not built of such prodigious structure, nor of such vast dimensions as at present, it may be asserted without exaggeration that the sea never saw more formidable fleets or more sanguinary battles, between braver and more irritated nations. As many as 300 vessels—between the Dutch and the English—laden with sailors and soldiers, engaged in battle, with such shedding of blood that the sea more than once blushed with shame at such torments.

On that occasion the Dutch received a serious blow; they, in the two years' war with the English, having spent more than in twenty years' fighting against the Spanish. Their disadvantages were summed up under three heads:

Firstly, because taken by surprise, they, abounding in merchant ships, were equally lacking in battleships of a strength and range equal to English vessels.

Secondly, the Dutch ships lacking bronze cannon, which were extremely numerous and extraordinarily large in the English men-of-war, at the first meeting of the fleets, before they boarded one another, the English cannon of greater range and force, damaged the Dutch fleet before the latter could make any impression on the foe by inflicting equal damage.

The third and most substantial disadvantage, was that directly the war had begun, the

English, being well informed of 3,000 Dutch mercantile ships that were crossing the seas by various routes of navigation, despatched several armed fleets to the principal passages, to seize as many merchant-men as they happened to fall in with. Thus at the Sound, in the Baltic, in the Portuguese waters, on the routes of the East Indies in the Ocean and in the Mediterranean, they gained possession of so many of the enemy's ships that one can say without exaggeration that, in this way, the Dutch paid the expenses of their war with the English.

The Dutch confessed to me myself in Amsterdam, that in this war they had lost 1,200 ships —counting the mercantile vessels and men-of-war; a misfortune which compels this even now powerful nation to obtain peace on most disadvantageous terms.

The English Parliamentarians, meanwhile, swollen with the fortunes of war, divided among themselves the Dutch spoils; and, on the other hand, burdened the people with heavy taxes for the maintenance of their navy.

This self-interested way of proceeding made them odious to the public, and Cromwell never ceased encouraging their avidity in order to increase the general dislike towards them, and to avail himself opportunely of the alienation of the people from them.

In the end, jealousy in various forms began to pullulate between the army and the Parliament. The latter claimed superiority, owing to its being the representative of the people of England; the former, instead, with the protection of its general, exaggerated the services rendered by it to the State—it having shed its blood in several factions—and would not permit the reform desired by Parliament to weaken the strength of the army. If Parliament deliberated quickly, Cromwell carried out its decisions slowly; sometimes, he interpreted in his own way its decrees, sometimes, he also delayed or suspended the execution of them.

This want of harmony degenerated into jealousy and open suspicion; and Parliament studying in various sittings the ways to moderate Cromwell's abuse of power; he, foreseeing the blow [aimed at him] with virile resolution, sent divisions of troops to the principal places in London, entered Parliament suddenly accompanied by several officers, and said:

That they had sucked the purest blood in the veins of the English to transfer it to their private purses; that every one was weary of submitting any longer to the misfortunes caused by their imprudent conduct; that for too long a period they had played the part of a prince which did not appertain to them, and

that therefore, they should despoil themselves of the royal mantle and authority and return to their homes, the comedy now being over.

Amazed and depressed by the daring attempt, the members of Parliament looked at one another, awaiting what the Speaker, the President of the House, would say ; and he, taking the mace, the symbol of power into his hand, asked Cromwell on what authority he claimed to expel a Parliament, composed of members representing the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, it having had authority to make the King himself submit to its judgment, and having conferred on him himself the office of general, then exercised by him.

Then Cromwell, pointing to his sword, replied that in it were placed his reasons ; and, snatching from the Speaker's hand the mace, thrust him out of his seat, which was also done by his followers to the other Parliamentarians, who then left in terror and confusion, without finding any remedy, or any resurrection for their broken-down hopes.

This change took place without any internal or external agitation. Those, who had pitied the King's disasters, rejoiced at seeing the promoters of them mortified, and at witnessing the forced fall of those who had contributed to the ruin of the royal house.

The people, who in a way were obliged to

share the misfortunes of Parliament which represented them, acclaimed, however, the resolution of Cromwell, whose authority and credit served to justify and win approval of the fore-mentioned incident.

The war with the Dutch continued, however, advantageously for the English but always with slaughter. The preachers, in both nations, exclaimed from their pulpits, that when England and Holland, the two columns of the Protestant religion, fell into ruin through fighting with each other, Catholicism would triumph all the more, and in Rome fires would be kindled for joy.

One of the chief Dutch ministers having arrived later in London to begin negotiations, Cromwell began to lend an ear to the endeavours to make peace, both for the sake of winning universal applause, and of disapproving so much the more the late government, by making himself the promoter of the present peace and tranquillity.

He let it be understood that, to bring the Dutch to terms, it was necessary rather to attack them on the sea, as their wealth consisting wholly in their traffic, they could not defend it all, it being multiple, nor abandon it because in it consisted the revenue and opulence of the nation.

Then in a very fierce battle, the death of

their general Tromp took place, he being the most experienced and daring chief of a fleet that ever crossed the sea. The command of their troops being all the more weakened by this calamity, they, from Amsterdam, despatched a conspicuous embassy to propose and stipulate the treaty, with certain secret conditions not communicated to the other provinces, most disadvantageous to Holland and very honourable for England, information of which having already been given by me, I shall abstain from inopportune and tiresome repetition. It was meanwhile, remarkable that Cromwell, not only incommoded extremely the United Provinces with the above-mentioned wars, but flung amid them disorder and discord so that they were on the point of separating, which meant their ruin, in order to come to open rupture.

He, therefore, becoming much more esteemed and feared by the public through such an advantageous conclusion of peace, summoned other two parliaments, which, unwilling to limit themselves to the claims assigned by him to them, were also, in a short time, dissolved and suppressed.

Unwilling to submit any longer to the censure of the people his prepotent and dominating fortune, he resolved to found the military government, still existing, having himself pro-

claimed Protector of the three Kingdoms, along with the council, allowed to remain, so that a Republic might exist in appearance; and to lessen the hatred naturally inherent in the despotic authority, which he himself in the past had discredited and destroyed in the late kings.

And this is the only reason why, till now, he has refused to consent to the insinuations made to him that he should make himself a king. Because, having contributed to the ruin of the royal dignity, under the mantle of public zeal, he, should he desire to take a post himself which he had formerly disapproved of and persecuted, would take off his mask and reveal his hypocrisy, letting it be clearly understood that the aim of the past insurrections was only that of causing to fall on his own head the crown, after having removed it from the head of its legitimate owners.

Add to this that, if one of the council were to be elected Protector, many of the chief leaders of the army might aspire to the attainment of such a conspicuous office, but if it were to be hereditary, the hopes of the aspirants would be for ever uprooted.

Cromwell gives no importance to the name. It suffices him to possess the authority and power, greater, without comparison not only than that of all the kings that there have ever

been in England, but also of all the monarchs who, at present, wield a sceptre in the world.

Having upset the fundamental laws of the realm, he is the one and sole legislator; his laws are his own will and wishes. All the governments issue from his hands, and to enter the Council, the members must be nominated by His Highness, nor can they become great unless raised by him. And that no one may have the means of gaining authority over the army, he has left the post of Lieutenant-General, formerly occupied by him, vacant, so that all advancements shall not pass by any other way, but be directly confirmed by him.

For what regards riches, no former king has ever squeezed from the belongings of his subjects so much money as is collected at present. England pays now £120,000 a month for taxes, corresponding to the subsidy proportionately divided among the towns and villages depending on them, and amounting to 5,760,000 crowns annually. Besides, the customs at 5 per cent on all merchandise, bought and sold in a city of such flourishing commerce, amounts to 3,200,000 crowns yearly.

To this add the customs on the importation and exportation in the whole kingdom, besides the particular confiscations which amount to immense sums: while the revenues of Buckingham and many other wealthy Knights, among

those most attached to the Royalist party, have been confiscated and represent incomparable sums, the revenues of the nobles in England surpassing those of any other Kingdom, however flourishing. Also the Catholics of the richest families agree, in disbursing two-thirds of their substance, to buy the liberty to remain faithful to their true creed.

Notwithstanding all these sums, the Protector does not abound in money, the salaries being excessively numerous.

Twelve millions a year are spent both on the army and the navy, owing to Cromwell's being obliged to support those who sustained him and raised him to the great position he now occupies.

When the insurrections began, in order to disband the Royalist armies and draw the troops to the Parliamentary party, the pay of the soldiers was increased. The same was done in the navy in order to detach the forces from the royal service through the seduction of profit and advancement. The intent was gained, but as the durability of a government founded on force depends on the militia, it must needs continue punctual payments to the soldiers, in order to hinder divisions and revolts, preserving power by the same means by which it was won.

Prompt and increased payment, then, keep

the militia active, well mounted and better clad; and, what matters most, within the bounds of the most precise and rigorous discipline.

The carelessness of a soldier is corrected with the officer's stick; for an ordinary oath he is immediately dismissed; if he exceeds, he is soon imprisoned and often even hanged.

And as the advancement of the most deserving in the Colonels' armies is the cause of bitterness to those excluded, murmurs and complaints against government often arise, and are brought to the ears of the Protector by the many spies employed, and he then purges the army, transferring to the Indies the most mutinous of the troops, or confining them in the extreme parts of the kingdom, through such purgation, curing the infection, and preventing it from increasing and being communicated to the principal members.

Remarkable among the particulars of his subtle policy is this: that he, foreseeing he would not be able to trust the nobility, not only because too favourable to the Royalist party, but also because they would very reluctantly support the dominion of a man of private condition, began to raise to the most eminent offices in the army, persons of the lowest plebeian class, only that they too acknowledging him as the source of all their fortune might have an interest in preserving him.

When the living King of Scotland left Holland to cross to England, called thither by the survivors of his party, Cromwell had it diffused through the army that, were he to fall, a universal change and catastrophe would be seen in England, and many colonels superbly arrayed who were formerly tailors, goldsmiths and joiners, would have to return to their manual trade, abandoning their comforts to the nobility and courtiers of the Palace.

This [appeal to] self-interest is so efficacious that uniting in an indissoluble bond the existence of the army and that of the Protector, it leaves the King of Scotland very doubtful hopes of being able to loosen and untie such a mutual and interested union. It is, at any rate, certain that the troops live with such precision as if they were religious brotherhoods, he wishing through this, to put into relief the piety of his soul, and the morality of his customs; it having been observed in the past wars that, when the Royalist armies gained a victory, they gave themselves up to wine and gluttony, while those commanded by Cromwell were obliged in greater prosperity to engage in prayer and fasts.

At this point, I ought to speak of his religion; but as in him, as a rule, it is not externally manifested by anything special, so it cannot be known what rite he follows. During the

past troubles he professed to be an Anabaptist. This is a religion which abhors the state of prince, and claims to depend only on God; and of these Independents was composed the greater part of the Parliament which obliged the King to [suffer] his late severe sentence.

As soon as Cromwell was raised to his position of command, not only did he leave the number of the Independents, but disapproved of them and persecuted them.

Thus he has kept changing his religion according to the interests of State, and he thinks it useful to his policy that in London two hundred and forty-six religions are professed, all agreeing in their alienation to the pope, but all different and hostile to one another. This disunion of so many different religions causes all to be weak, and there is not one of them with followers so numerous as to cause him apprehension.

If I at this point cared to represent the discord and [variability] differences of these religions, I should make your Excellencies lose much time and rouse compassion and laughter, because as those who have lost their way go wandering blindly around without knowing where or how, so they, after abandoning the Catholic religion, have fallen into an infinite number of superstitions and rites, worthier of fables than of history.

There is one religion called *The Quakers*; these meet in a large room and begin to shake and tremble till they let themselves fall to the ground, and, after remaining there some time as if asleep, in what they call ecstasy, they stand up again and preach extravagant and ridiculous things. There are the Adamites, the Anabaptists, the Lutherans, the Calvinists and endless other sects, to the number of 246.

Near my habitation lived one of the chief barons with six grown-up children, each of a different religion, who, falling often into disputes, lived in perpetual and infinite strife; and, sometimes coming to blows, kept their parent continually embarrassed and occupied in separating and reconciling them.

In the public churches, the singing of the psalms and the sermon of their minister being over, anyone is allowed to ascend the pulpit and give a sermon; which generally ends in disapproval of the violence and force of the present government. If the person is not authorized, the Protector pretends to scorn him; but if qualified, as is rarely the case, he is obliged to subject him to severe punishment.

And not only is it allowable for men to preach, but sometimes some woman is seen to go into the pulpit and, interpreting the Sacred Scriptures in an improper sense, is the cause of laughter rather than of devotion.

Meanwhile, Cromwell is the master of the most beautiful island in the world, of vast circumference and latitude, abounding in men, and so fertile that in the most rigid period of winter, the animals always find green pastures; where the land does not produce wine but where better wine is drunk than where it is born; it acquiring strength and flavour from the sea-voyage. And all that does not grow there, is nevertheless, abundant, transported by means of the copious and flourishing traffic of London, a city in no way inferior to Paris in its population, the wealth of its markets, the width of its circuit, and, what matters most, in the convenience of the sea by which ships arrive in such numbers, that more than 2,000, scattered over the famous River Thames, were counted on my arrival.

It is true, however, that since the change of government, the decorousness and greatness of London have changed their aspect, the concourse of the most illustrious nobility which made it conspicuous, now oppressed and mortified, being dispersed in the country. And the delicacy of the Court, the merriest and most sumptuous in the world, attended by the principal noble ladies, and abounding in the choicest entertainments, is, at present, changed into a perpetual march and counter-march of militia, and incessant noise of drums and

trumpets, and a numerous band of officers and soldiers divided in their various posts. The Government is aware it possesses a kingdom separated from the world, which does not fear invasions, which needs no foreign support, while it has more than sufficient forces to maintain itself and to keep others in apprehension, and a select number of the strongest ships which keep the sea in obedience and dictate the laws where they pass.

And they give so much the less heed to the other powers, as these have vied with one another in giving, with the plainest manifestations, proofs of respect and esteem towards the present ruler.

Before the rupture with Spain, the monarchies emulated with one another in flattering the increasing power of this man, with extraordinary embassies, not exchanged; and, careless of their dignity, neglected no means of fawning on him and winning his favour.

The Grandduke, for having manifested partiality to the Dutch in an engagement between the ships of the two nations at the entrance of the port of Leghorn, was obliged to placate Cromwell's ire with 100,000 doubloons.

I can assure Your Serenity, in short, that in England they fear no Power, but they claim to cause apprehension to the others.

For this reason they receive embassies, like

the Turks, without sending any in exchange, and seek the friendship of none, waiting for it to be asked of them.

For what concerns foreign relations: a few days after my arrival in England, the Spanish Ambassador left that court, with the declaration of an open rupture, owing to the invasions of the Indies attempted by the English.

To keep his troops in practice, his enemies in awe, and the people in expectation, Cromwell entered into the war in the Indies. He failed to effect a landing in the Spanish Island, though he occupied Jamaica. After having lain in wait several times for the Spanish fleet on its way from the Indies in the last months, he was so fortunate as to capture some vessels, as is known to Your Serene Highness.

This success will greatly nourish his hopes, so that he will multiply his efforts, and will more diligently attempt his insidious plans to surprise the fleet on its route before it reaches the Spanish ports.

If he should succeed in that, the Spanish would be masters of the estate, and Cromwell of the harvest and revenues. It is true that the permanence and life of the whole body of the Spanish monarchy depend on the fleet as on its blood; therefore, they would have every reason to use the same diligence in order to frustrate the attempts of the English.

And, in fact, it would be a deplorable loss to Catholicism, if this man, without doubt formidable, were to add to the force of the sword which makes him so much feared, also that of gold. He not only aims at surprising the fleet on its route, but is planning in time to make some impression also on *terra firma*. Therefore, possessing the Barbados, situated on the route to the Indies, he endeavours in every way to have them populated; I having seen, before my departure, several squadrons of soldiers going through London in search of light women, and embarking 1,200 of them on three vessels, to deport them to the islands, with the object of furthering the aforesaid propagation, which in the last few years has multiplied so much, that in the late invasion, the English vessels were re-inforced by 5,000 swordsmen from the aforesaid Barbados islands, the soil of which is so favourable to the production of sugar and yields such an abundant quantity of it that this article of merchandise will grow lower and lower in price.

With France, owing to its connection with the present King of Scotland, there was open and declared enmity. It is, however, true that the rupture with one Crown [monarchy] made Cromwell willing to have a reconciliation with the other; wherefore I was present in England at the solemnization of the peace,

which may rather be called [1] a remedy applied to favour the connections, than a treaty, owing to the inclination and disposition of the nations, rivals with each other and mortal enemies. Cromwell had made alliance with Mazarin, it being opportune for the interests of State, and directed to obtain possession, with mutual agreement, of the most flourishing States of the King of Spain.

With Portugal, he is on good terms, owing to the convenience of its ports, very suitable for the chase given by the English vessels to the Spanish fleet.

With Denmark and Holland and all the other princes who have abundance of mercantile ships, various dissensions arise, owing to the disagreement which reigns among animals living on the same pasture-ground, and because of the superiority and predominance which the English claim on the sea, inconveniencing and visiting the merchant-men of other nations.

With Sweden the closest friendship is cultivated, that country being the strongest barrier, and the one most capable of limiting the designs of the House of Austria.

In Scotland, England is permitted without contrast to levy troops; secretly money is disbursed; her victories are acclaimed, and the two walk in frank and faithful agreement,

[1] Impiastro = poultice, plaster.

a defensive league having been established, with mutual reciprocal assistance. As to the rest, he keeps on good understanding with the Swiss Protestants and maintains in general an intimate friendship with all heretics, Cromwell styling himself Head and Protector of the Reformed Churches.

In the past dissensions between the Duke of Savoy and his heretical subjects dwelling in the valley of Lucerne, the latter appealed to England and received protection, a pecuniary aid and express expeditions which obliged the Duke to admit the expelled heretics once more into his states, in order not to irritate England and the faction of the Protestants against him.

All the Huguenots in France are in correspondence with His Highness, and, when they are ill-treated by the Catholics, they send their complaints to England, and Cromwell does not fail to protect them, obliging the Cardinal now through the [diplomatic] offices, now with threats, to relieve them from molestation.

For what concerns Your Serene Highness, it being my duty to represent matters as they took place, I will say frankly that the sending Pialucci without any [official] character was a mistake. Owing to this, he was refused an audience for seven months, nor would he ever have obtained it had the quality of Resident not been conferred on him. Then, the sending

an extraordinary ambassador with such delay was interpreted in an unfavourable sense, he being the last among all the potentates in the world. They said openly that the Most Excellent Senate was averse from the present form of Government, solemnly declaring it illegitimate, which was evident from their having put off and delayed more than once the sending of a qualified minister.

Before leaving England, I, not without difficulty, had the task of abolishing such suspicions and eliminating such doubts by means of one who in the quality of Cromwell's secret minister, was in Paris, observing the proceedings of the Court.

I let His Highness understand that Pialucci's mission was rather a proof of esteem and a beginning to the arranging of correspondence and confidence with his government; that the not having sent extraordinary embassies to the former parliaments, but precisely to His Highness, who as Protector of the three kingdoms possessed the command and government of England, was a distinct manifestation of respect, and that this distinction rather deserved particular satisfaction.

This last consideration made a breach in Cromwell's mind. He despatched to France a powerful vessel to receive me; and he welcomed me in the royal hall with all the prerogatives

and distinctions granted on the same day to the extraordinary ambassadors of Spain and Sweden.

And though, after the departure of the French and Spanish ambassadors, my chapel was always crowded with Catholics, and the Protestant ministers, with others of the chief detesters of Catholicism, protested against such a suspicious matter, he never consented to deprive me of the liberty of this gathering, though being so numerous it had made itself in some way an object of suspicion, he replying to the ministers of the law that they should use rigour against his subjects, who, notwithstanding the prohibition, attended Mass, but not against the ambassador whose liberties and the respect for whose habitation were to be maintained.

And as the favourable issue of all the affairs in the world depend on circumstances, if I had not arrived at the time of his engagement in the war of the Indies, and of the declaration of the Spanish confirming the rupture, my journey might not have been completely useless.

It is true, however, that the Company of the East, which means the most flourishing number of merchants dealing with Turkey, continued to watch my negotiations attentively and jealously, in order to thwart them, exaggerating [in saying] that there being in the

Turkish ports a capital of more than four millions belonging to the Company, any suspicion rising in the Turks was enough to cause them to confiscate it, to the ruin of the traffic, and that the example of the King of Spain, who had in those very days stopped all the English merchandise in his ports, would pass to Constantinople and cause the destruction of all the principal families in London, who would thus be incapable of contributing to the war, besides the diminution of the customs owing to the arrest of business.

Having briefly spoken of the mutations, forces, alliances, designs and form of the Government of England, it is left to me to touch on some particulars of the person of Cromwell, who has rendered himself so conspicuous and celebrated in the world.

Certainly, histories will have to expatiate on what I have now been summing up; and [will say] that he may be called a *partial effort* [1] of Fortune [partly a product of Fortune]. It cannot be denied that he, with talent and diligent skill, has co-operated in forming his own greatness. But, though rich in valour, astuteness and natural prudence, all those qualities would have proved useless if the opportunity of becoming great had been lacking. And

[1] Sforzo. Later Sagredo uses "effetto" = effect, product.

as he has not neglected to avail himself of it to his own advantage, I call the effect of Fortune that opportunity which came as it were towards him, to make the path to greatness easy for him.

He was born at Huntington in Cambridgeshire, of a noble father of the same name, less than mediocre in wealth, as the paternal inheritance did not exceed an income of a thousand crowns.

He was first a cornet, then a captain in the cavalry, and the whole city of Cambridge, where he was born, elected him as Member of Parliament, enabling him to enter the House with a vote, where he, availing himself of the turbulent movements and circumstances of his time, succeeded in raising himself to the eminent post which he at present occupies.

He is a man who can use both his sword and his tongue, and, therefore, he has risen very rapidly, having become Colonel, then Sergeant-General, then Lieutenant and finally General of the whole army.

Favoured by fortune in many battles, he made himself known as a man of great courage, fearless in the thorniest and most difficult encounters.

When he was General, two thousand mutinous sailors betook themselves to his habitation and seditiously demanded the disbursement of

the pay due to them. He, hearing their murmurs, descended the stairs and accompanied by only four officers who happened to be dining with him, thrust himself into the crowd with his sword in his hand, killed one and mortally wounded another with such celerity and promptitude that the others, terrorized by the example, and in awe of his person, hastily fled towards their ships.

In this act, through the temerity of which, another would have perished, he was successful, in his act of courage, simply because even unsurmountable difficulties are easily overcome by who is favoured by fortune.

In appearance extremely religious, he preaches eloquently to the soldiers, persuading them to live according to God's laws, and to render his persuasions more efficacious, he avails himself of tears, weeping more over the sins of others than over his own.

He is a man of firm and solid judgment, who knows the nature of the English as a riding-master his horses, and therefore, with a single movement of his cane, he makes them whirl about on every side.

He is not severe except with those of the opposition, courteous towards the rest, civil to his own people, and a liberal rewarder of who has served him well. As for the rest, he is more feared than loved by the public : as

in order to keep up great forces, great taxes are necessary, and those never make a prince popular. He is mortally hated by the Royalists, who are in no small number, but are lacking in strength, being deprived of their substance and arms.

His pastime is driving often to Hampton Court, a pleasaunce of the former Kings in the country. He has never shown himself in London after the incident which happened when he was passing through the city to take possession of the Protectorate and a large stone was thrown at him from a window, and falling on the roof of his coach, passed into it near his head, it never having been discovered who had thrown it.

He lives in eternal suspicion for the reason that he was not born to dominion, but obtained it through his ability and force. Any small gathering of men is enough to cause him apprehension; therefore plays, horse-races, and all imaginable entertainments, that may bring together even the minimum concourse of people, are forbidden, the population being thus kept in a most displeasing servitude.

During the public receptions, to which access is allowed to all, and in his rooms, I have observed at the doors, officers of his Guard with their unsheathed swords in their hands. They insist on his never sleeping in the same

room, and often change his bed for fear of some mine, which has even been discovered later, according to Giavarino's letters. It is true, however, that conspiracies are often invented, as a pretext to arrest those of the opposition and to have greater reinforcements of guards and militia.

He is greatly mortified at having no posterity endowed with spirit and talent. His two sons have not the same vivacity as their father, and, therefore, he does not attempt to make his greatness hereditary, fearing that the whole machinery may precipitate, if provided with such weak supports as his sons of slow and heavy intelligence.

The chief and most famous man in the army is Sergeant-General Lambert. He is said not to love Cromwell in his heart, though, outwardly, he professes the closest union with him, won by eminent posts as Governor and by enormous rewards.

In any case, no one would be more capable than he of bringing about changes and forming a party.

It is a risk to ask whether the present Government will last long, as this concerns the future and is knowledge which God has reserved for Himself.

It is true, however, that if there is no alteration before, after the death of Cromwell,

viz. of the manager of the present machinery, one might witness a change of scene, according to the universal rule, that violence is never permanent.

GIOVANNI SAGREDO.

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